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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

LEAGUE OF NATIONS SALARIES

RAYMOND RECOULY reviews, in *Le Figaro*, M. Noblemaire's report on the League of Nation's budget. First, there is the secretary general with a salary of 600,000 francs, or $120,000 at normal exchange per annum, exempt from all income and other taxes. The under secretaries each receive 200,000 francs, or $40,000 per annum. There is a third under secretary who gets nearly 300,000 francs. Below these gentlemen in the financial hierarchy, six directors receive salaries which range from 100,000 to 150,000 francs, or from $20,000 to $30,000 per annum. Below these are eight commissioners whose salaries range from 60,000 to 90,000 francs, or from $12,000 to $18,000 per annum. Last of all, there is a humbler host of earnest workers — all serving the good cause — at salaries ranging from $6,000 to $12,000. One of the most striking facts in this report is that the head of the International Labor Bureau, a British Socialist, receives a salary of 360,000 francs. A British review observes: 'It is all the more galling to the penurious countries thus fleeced that rich and prosperous America, after patenting this project, should resolutely refuse to contribute a single cent to its upkeep.'

INTERNATIONAL TWO-AND-A-HALF

EUROPE now has three Socialist Internationals. The so-called Second International has been revived, and embraces the conservative wing of the Socialists of Europe and Great Britain — the so-called 'Social Patriots.' Its headquarters have recently been transferred from Brussels to London. The Third International, as is generally known, holds forth in Moscow, preaches revolution by force, and is the organ of Bolshevist world propaganda. Now, we have a Centrist International, half way between these, and dubbed by Vienna wits at its recent congress in that city, 'International Two-and-a-half.' It embraces the Socialist Parties of Europe and Great Britain which refused to support the war during the conflict, and which advocate revolution by law rather than revolution by force. This is the International whose preliminary programme we published in our issue of January 22. It has the support of organized political parties in Germany, France, Great Britain, Yugoslavia, Lettland, Russia, Switzerland, Czecho-Slovakia, and the United States, as well as the Jewish Socialist Party, Paole-Zion. Individual delegates were also present from several other countries. It will be noticed that

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Italy, Spain, the Scandinavian kingdoms, and Holland were not officially represented.

The congress was a stormy one, not so much on account of internal differences as because of its antagonism to other radical movements. During the session, a telegram was received reporting the Bolshevist invasion of Georgia. A Roumanian delegate sprang to his feet and shouted: 'This means that Roumania is in imminent danger of being overrun by those Bolshevist bandits.' Martoff, the Russian Menshevist delegate, almost inarticulate with excitement, declared: 'This means the doom of the Russian revolution.' To understand this, it should be borne in mind that Georgia had a radical Socialist, but not a Bolshevist government.

GERMAN INDEMNITIES AND BRITISH BUSINESS

Interesting light is thrown upon the effect of the German indemnities, in a recent article in the London *Statist*, which says that the contributions hitherto exacted from England's former enemy have not operated wholly to Great Britain's advantage. 'The merchant ships received are laid up in many ports, the newly built trawlers have been such a drug on the market that it is impossible to sell them, and the fishing interests have asked the government to refuse delivery of any more.' The coal received by France has stopped the demand for British coal in that country, with the result that British miners are unemployed, and labor at coal exporting ports is working short time. Simultaneously, we hear that unemployment is extending in French mining districts. Meantime, Austria is in distress for lack of coal. The general result seems to be 'a useless transfer of property from where it is urgently needed to a place where it has little or no face value. German shipping would earn money for Germany and thereby enable her to create wealth which would benefit the Allies. Tonnage which lies idle in Allied harbors can be productive of no such good.'

BRITAIN'S DEBT TO AMERICA

Discussing Great Britain's debt to the United States, the London *Statist* observes that for the first time since England's borrowings at Amsterdam were paid off, in the days of William and Mary, the country finds itself indebted to a foreign country. Whether the United States might or might not be willing to forego the total or partial repayment of the billion pounds sterling which England owes it, England could not afford to accept such a sacrifice from its creditor.

'We should have considered the inevitable consequences when we made the loans. A self-contained country might conceivably exist with little or no foreign trade; but it is impossible for a country situated as we are, with our enormous population and restricted area, incapable as we are either of raising adequate supplies of food for our people, or of providing those people with the raw materials needed in their various industries, to exist without a foreign trade. In fact, we are wholly dependent upon such trade. We import, as the reader is aware, practically two thirds of our food supply, and some four fifths of the raw materials needed for maintaining our manufactures. As a result, confidence, and well-founded confidence, in our willingness to meet our obligations, and in our ability to do so, is essential.'

Discussing the recent attempts to promote discord between the British government and ourselves, the same paper says in substance, that the dis-

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semination of war-provoking thought — precisely such as Admiral von Tirpitz favors us with in the present issue — was so clearly the ultimate cause of the recent World War, that we should have learned our lesson by this time. It reviews the history of Anglo-American relations, to prove that; 'This country has shown in the most convincing manner possible, during the life of two generations, that we regard Americans as almost akin to ourselves. Foreigners fail to appreciate in many instances that we would pass over, without apparent irritation, acts on the part of prominent people in the United States which would have aroused the utmost indignation in this country if they had been the acts of people belonging to any other nation. . . . We have always been, at least for more than two generations, so conscious of our benevolent feelings to the United States that we have invested a larger proportion of our savings in that country than in any other country in the world outside our own.'

T. P. O'CONNOR'S AMERICAN GOSSIP

T. P. O'Connor contributes the following anecdote concerning Mr. Hughes (and, incidentally, one hundred per cent Americanism) to a recent issue of the London *Times:*

A little more than four years ago — just before the American presidential election of 1916 — I was rather startled by a Welshman with whom I was taking a walk in one of the innumerable lovely spots of Wales. We were talking about the candidates, Wilson and Hughes; and the observation of my friend that startled me was, 'Hughes is my first cousin.' There was a contrast between this typical Welsh scene and the native son of the Welsh soil, and that other figure playing so big a part in a mighty country so far away. It made the world seem so much smaller; it made Wales seem bigger that could thus give, in one of her sons of only the second generation, so potent a figure in the life of America.

I repeated the remark to Mr. Hughes when I met him some time after in New York. Of course, it is no surprise to me to find men thoroughly Americanized, though they come immediately from a foreign stock. America has an extraordinary power of lure and absorption; and though sympathy for the old country may persist, all born in America are passionately American, with very few exceptions. That is part of the psychology of America which those stupid creatures in Berlin did not realize when they were trusting to American citizens of German blood to make trouble when America went into the war.

He adds with even more satisfaction, that Mr. Hughes is Irish on the maternal side. Referring to his personal experiences in Washington, this Parliamentary veteran relates:

I was delighted, when I went to a dinner given by Lord Northcliffe in Washington, to find that half the guests — including Champ Clarke, then in the great position of Speaker of the House of Representatives, and once a formidable rival of Mr. Wilson for the Democratic nomination to the presidency — were in Palm Beach suits. Quite unashamed, the great official wore his Palm Beach suit.

Washington has got much less formal than it used to be. When I asked, once, whether I ought to put on a top hat when paying a visit to the president, an experienced senator informed me that nobody wore a top hat in Washington but the ministers of the Latin Republics of South America.

EUROPEAN ELECTIONS RECENT AND PROSPECTIVE

Recent European elections do not give a decisive clue to the movement of public opinion, perhaps because post-war conditions have not yet become sufficiently clarified for men to know their own minds. While the conservative parties made some gain in the recent Prussian elections, nevertheless, the indications are that a majority of the voters, who are interested enough in public affairs to cast their ballots, belong to the Radical and Socialist groups, which in the aggregate show approximately the same strength as last year. The recent elections in Paris are interpreted as indicating a check for the anti-socialist *bloc*, which now has such decisive con-

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trol of Parliament. That group lost some twenty thousand votes. The different Socialist Parties held their former vote, and had they been united would have carried the elections by a majority of nearly one third. However, the total number of ballots cast was much smaller than in 1919, and the abstaining voters presumably sympathized with a centrist, or moderate, policy, perhaps inclining more toward the *bloc* than toward the Socialists.

Italy is facing a new general election. Apparently, Premier Giolitti, who is reported to have outwitted the Socialist leaders in the recent Parliamentary manœuvres, feels that this is a safe time to appeal to the country, in spite of the constant disorders. The coalition between the Clericals and the Liberals is not proving quite as solid as was supposed; and the Socialists are, of course, divided among themselves over Moscow.

It is reported in the London labor paper, the *Daily Herald*, that Sinn Fein will contest every seat in the new Ulster Parliament, and that this campaign will be financed by Liberal organizations in Great Britain itself. Committees are reported to be already at work collecting the necessary funds.

WOMEN MASONS

An interesting phase of the feminist movement in Great Britain, is that several Masonic lodges have been established there, where women as well as men are initiated and permitted to become members. The Grand Lodge of England proposes to discipline members 'who violate their obligation by being present at or assisting in assemblies professing to be Masonic, which are attended by women.' The British Grand Lodge also refuses to associate with European lodges, to participate in any Masonic gathering at which other lodges might be represented, 'where the question of a belief in a Supreme Being is regarded as an open question, and where there is no obligatory recognition of the "Volume of Sacred Law."'

MATTERS AUSTRALASIAN

A significant straw showing the drift of legislation in Australasia, is the amendment to the Tasmania Wages Board Act, recently adopted, substituting Trade Boards for Craft Boards. Under the new law, all the employees of one industry will be governed by one board determination. This does away with the embarrassment which formerly arose, and which still continues in many other States of the Commonwealth, through an industry being compelled to comply with as many different awards as the trades represented on its payroll. A permanent chairman will preside over all the Tasmanian boards, in order to provide against men exercising the same calling, but engaged in different industries, being paid different rates.

An Australian journal publishes, without comment, parallel advertisements calling for labor, as follows:

1. Draftsmen, nineteen shillings per day. Accurate draftsmanship, good architectural experience, sound knowledge of building construction in wood, brick, stone, steel, and reënforced concrete; ability to design buildings of simple construction.

2. Bricklayers, hod carriers; one pound per day.

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[*La Revue Universelle* (Paris Political and Literary Semi-Monthly), *March 1*]

HOW THE ARMISTICE WAS MADE. I

BY MERMEIX

[This article, in the second installment of which militarists and pacifists seem oddly to change rôles, has attracted much attention in Great Britain and Europe.]

On October 3, 1918, Wilhelm II had discovered,— or rather, there had been discovered for him,— a new Chancellor, in the person of Prince Max of Baden. This head of an old feudal dynasty was called to organize the first cabinet responsible to Parliament which ever met in Berlin; the first which ever contained a Socialist member;—for Scheidemann was Minister without portfolio;—and the cabinet fated to witness an oncoming revolution which would overthrow every royal house in Germany.

Max of Baden, according to Ludendorff, wished to wait a week before applying officially for an armistice. He wanted time 'to work out a detailed programme of Germany's war aims, which would show the world clearly our complete agreement with President Wilson, and our sincere readiness to make great national sacrifices to realize his ideals.'

Since, however, Foch was drawing the noose tighter about the German army with every day that passed, Ludendorff, fearing each night that he would be awakened in the morning by news of some great disaster, would brook no such postponement. Yielding to the pressure of the perturbed Commander-in-chief, Max of Baden, a decadent aristocrat who had neither the talent nor force of character to head a government in such a crisis, acted at once in a matter for which he desired longer preparation.

During the night between the 5th and 6th of October, less than forty-eight hours after he took office, he dispatched this note to President Wilson, through the good offices of the Swiss government.

'The German government invites the President of the United States of America to take steps to bring about peace, to notify all the belligerent governments, and to request them to send plenipotentiaries to begin negotiations.

'The German government takes as a basis for these negotiations the programme laid down in the President's message to Congress of January 8, 1918, and in his subsequent public statements, particularly his speech of September 27, 1918.

'In order to prevent the further effusion of blood, the German government requests an immediate and general armistice, on land, on sea, and in the air. Max of Baden.'

President Wilson's programme, to which the Prince Chancellor of the expiring Empire appealed, was the celebrated Fourteen Points announced by Wilson in his speech to Congress on January 8, and the Five Supplementary Points formulated in a speech in New York on September 27, 1918.

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The Fourteen Points, or conditions laid down by the President of the United States, were in substance: 1, Abolition of secret diplomacy; 2, Freedom of the seas; 3, Suppression so far as possible of artificial economic barriers; 4, Reduction of armaments; 5, Administration of colonies in the interest of the native population; 6, Evacuation of Russian territory; 7, Evacuation and restoration of Belgium; 8, Evacuation and restoration of French territory, and the righting of the wrong done France in 1871 by the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine; 9, Readjustment of the Italian frontiers; 10, Autonomy of the nations of Austria-Hungary; 11, Evacuation of Serbia, Roumania, and Montenegro, with the guaranteed independence of those countries, and access to the sea for Serbia; 12, Liberation of the nations subject to the Turks, and freedom of the Dardanelles and the Bosporus; 13, An independent Poland; 14, The organization of a League of Nations guaranteeing the independence of all governments.

The Five Supplementary Points all related to the League of Nations and demanded: 1, Equal justice for enemies as well as friends; 2, Repudiation of all selfish nationalist aims; 3, The prohibition of separate alliances among members of the League; 4, Prohibition of economic boycotts except as penalties imposed by the League; 5, The obligation to inform the League of the terms of all treaties between particular powers.

This generous and humane programme gave Germany, without the President thus intending, an excellent opening for debate and evasion. While discussing the lofty theses which the President had thus laid down, Germany thought its misdeeds might, perhaps, escape attention.

Wilson's high moral and social principles afforded the aggressor in the war a better opportunity to extricate himself than he would have if confronted by his victims with a definite demand to indemnify them for their injuries. Furthermore, Germany would gain great positive advantages from some of these points. Freedom of the seas might create discord between America and Great Britain; so the authors of an unrestricted submarine warfare suddenly became ardent partisans of inviolate ocean commerce. The proposal to prohibit artificial economic barriers among nations was very tempting to Germany, which had preserved intact all its manufacturing equipment, while that of France was destroyed. So Germany, hitherto consistently a high tariff power, suddenly began to favor free trade. Last of all, Wilson's evangel of forgiveness, of treating enemies like friends, went straight to Germany's heart. Was not this magnanimity part of his own personal character? Could that be doubted? He came with his hands filled with indulgences with which he was impatient to absolve the Germans for what had been done in Belgium and France. These would be much less expensive than reparation.

When Ludendorff, hard pressed at the front, urged the government to appeal to Wilson, and when Max of Baden besought the good offices of the author of the Fourteen Points, they were merely hunting for a diplomatic refuge, under cover of a League of Nations, which might protect them from merited penalties, and perhaps enable them, in concert with Wilson, to steal a march upon designing England, which in its perversity refused to grant them freedom of the seas.

The gentlemen at Berlin had read Wilson thoroughly so far as they went; but they had not read him to the end. On September 19, 1918, at a reception to the diplomatic corps, he said:

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'We must have an absolute victory without equivocation. Even if our enemies were to come to me to-morrow saying that they accepted the Fourteen Points which I have formulated as a basis of peace, we should still be faced by the fact that we could not trust the word of those enemies. We must have something more than their mere promise; something they cannot violate.'

Furthermore, in his speech on September 27, which Ludendorff and Max of Baden and their advisors discarded, with the exception of its evangelical dicta, Wilson had said something else, namely:

'We are all agreed that there can be no peace obtained by any kind of a bargain, or compromise with the governments of the Central Empires, because we have dealt with them already and have seen them deal with other governments that were parties to this struggle, at Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest. They have convinced us that they are without honor and do not intend justice. They observe no covenants, accept no principle but force and their own interests. We cannot "come to terms" with them. They have made it impossible. The German people must by this time be fully aware that we cannot accept the word of those who forced the war upon us. We do not think the same thoughts or speak the same language of agreement.'

Max of Baden, even without the gift of second-sight, might have, by merely reading this passage, drafted his own answer to the request he made of Wilson. That reply, signed by Lansing, was received from Switzerland, forty-eight hours later, and read:

'SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge, on behalf of the President, your note of October 6, enclosing the communication from the German Government to the President; and I am instructed by the President to request you to make the following communication to the Imperial German Chancellor:

'"Before making reply to the request of the Imperial German Government, and in order that that reply shall be as candid and straightforward as the momentous interests involved require, the President of the United States deems it necessary to assure himself of the exact meaning of the note of the Imperial Chancellor. Does the Imperial Chancellor mean that the Imperial German Government accepts the terms laid down by the President in his address to the Congress of the United States on January last and in subsequent addresses, and that its object in entering into discussions would be only to agree upon the practical details of their application?

'"The President feels bound to say with regard to the suggestion of an armistice, that he would not feel at liberty to propose a cessation of arms to the governments with which the government of the United States is associated against the Central Powers, so long as the armies of those powers are upon their soil. The good faith of any discussion would manifestly depend upon the consent of the Central Powers immediately to withdraw their forces everywhere from invaded territory. The President also feels that he is justified in asking whether the Imperial Chancellor is speaking merely for the constituted authorities of the empire who have so far conducted the war. He deems the answer to these questions vital, from every point of view. Accept, sir, the renewed assurances of my high consideration."

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The dialogue commenced by the exchanging of these two notes continued until November 5. On October 12, Dr. Solf, the Foreign Minister, replied that his government accepted Wilson's conditions; that he assumed that the Entente governments also accepted them; that the German government was now a government of the German people; that this government agreed to evacuate the territories it held, and requested Wilson to appoint a mixed commission to take charge of the evacuation. On October 14, Wilson replied to the effect that the terms of the armistice and the conditions of evacuation were matters for the military chiefs to settle; that under all circumstances the armistice must assure the maintenance of the military advantages obtained by the Entente armies; that no dealings with Germany were possible until that country renounced its barbaric methods of warfare; finally, that before negotiations began, the associated governments wished to know with whom they were dealing. They wished to know whether they were still negotiating with the arbitrary Prussian government, which it was one of their first war aims to render powerless, or to destroy.

This brought them to the Hohenzollern question. On October 20, Solf, after admitting that the German armies had committed the atrocities denounced by Wilson, asserted that the government of Germany had been radically reformed; that the Chancellor was now responsible solely to Parliament; that the offer of peace submitted to the Allies therefore came from the German people.

On October 23, Lansing wrote that the President consented to discuss with the governments associated with the United States the question of an armistice; but he repeated, that such an armistice must assure the military superiority of the Entente, and that no arrangement would be agreed to which did not make it impossible for Germany to resume hostilities.

On October 27, Solf wrote that Germany was awaiting the armistice terms.

Finally, on November 5, 1918, Lansing officially informed the Swiss Minister at Washington, who was acting as intermediary between the United States and Germany, that Marshall Foch had been authorized by the Allies to communicate the terms of an armistice to Germany.

This fourth and last note of Wilson's quoted a memorandum which the Entente Powers had handed him, defining and qualifying their endorsement of his Points. These Powers stated that they reserved complete liberty of action regarding freedom of the seas, which was open to many interpretations; they declared that they understood by the restoration of evacuated territories, compensation for all injury done to the civilian population of the Allied nations by the Germans. By accepting this second reservation, which Wilson fully approved — (he did not approve the first) — Germany agreed to pay not only for the physical property it destroyed, but also the cost of pensions to the families of our soldiers who fell in battle, to our wounded soldiers, and to all similar victims of the war.

While they were soliciting Wilson to mediate between themselves and his associates, the men in control at Berlin and at the German army headquarters were still catching at straws in their hope of making a last successful resistance. Ludendorff discloses this. On October 17, at a Council of War which he attended, together with Max of Baden, von Payer, Scheidemann, Solf, Goerber, the new Minister of War, and Hausmann, a general rising of the

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nation was discussed. But Scheidemann, while agreeing that they might still mobilize hundreds of thousands of men, pointed out the danger of this step, saying: 'Such recruits would not raise the morale of the army. Our working-men would say to themselves: "Better a terrible end than terror without end."' The new Minister of War offered in default of these hundreds of thousands of new combatants, a modest sixty thousand men, which were still in barracks in the interior. Ludendorff replied with surprising optimism: 'I welcome these reënforcements. I regard the future with confidence.'

Then, as though the reënforcements were already in his hands, this man, who for weeks had been pleading for an armistice and a speedy peace, set about opposing the conditions which Wilson made in his second note of October 14; conditions which were intended to guarantee — let us bear in mind — the absolute maintenance of the present military superiority of the Entente on the field of battle. Ludendorff said, addressing the Council of War:

'. . . I have always been of the opinion that we should start negotiations for an armistice, if they are possible. But we should accept no conditions which will not permit us to evacuate the enemy's country in good order. To obtain these conditions we must delay two or three months. We must not accept any terms which render a resumption of hostilities impossible. Now that is precisely what the enemy demands. We must recognize that, after this note. The terms are intended to put us *hors de combat*. Before we go farther, the enemy ought to lay down his precise peace conditions. We do not want to break off utterly with Wilson. We ought to say to him rather: "Tell us exactly what you ask us to do. But if your demands are incompatible with our national honor, then the answer will be, No!"'

This rally by an army commander, who had been under such pressure for three months, brought him many compliments, and may have inspired Max of Baden to adopt the challenging attitude which he displayed in the Reichstag on October 22.

'Those who loyally propose to submit to a peace of justice do not thereby agree to submit without resistance to a peace of violence. A government which had so lost its sense of honor as to accept the latter would merit only the contempt and repudiation of a valiant and industrious nation.'

Vain words! Ludendorff says:

'. . . Part of the promised reënforcements refused to go to the front,' adding, gloomily: 'If the people had risen *en masse*, our situation might have been better. A great nation cannot be crushed if it has the will power to resist. The Frenchmen in 1870 and 1871, and the Boers in their fight against England, made a far better showing!'

Ludendorff did not make this admission, that the German people lacked that sacred fire which stakes everything on honor and thereby assures a nation's future, until later, when he wrote his memoirs, in Sweden, during the winter of 1918–19. On October 24, 1918, believing that Max of Baden had asserted an honest resolve in his speech of October 22, which we just quoted, and misled, as he says, by the tone of an official statement in the Berlin press of the government's attitude toward Wilson's third note; Ludendorff and Hindenburg issued this order to the army:

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'Wilson says in his reply that he will recommend to his Allies to open negotiations for an armistice; but only for an armistice which makes Germany powerless from a military standpoint; and which prevents the possibility of our appealing again to arms. . . . Wilson's reply is, therefore, a demand for unconditional surrender. Soldiers, we cannot accept that. Soldiers, such a reply is to us merely a command to continue our resistance to the utmost limit of our strength. When our enemies realize that by no sacrifices will they be able to break our front, they will be ready to conclude a peace which assures Germany the future which the welfare of the masses of its people demands.'

However, this order calling for the resistance to the last was not issued to the armies on the 25th of October, because Hindenburg and Ludendorff left that day for Berlin. Ludendorff says he did not want to publish it until after the conference called to consider Wilson's third note. But his subordinates had telegraphed or telephoned the text to all army commanders, so that the latter might issue it to their troops without delay, when so ordered. Meantime, a soldier's council had been formed at Kovno. One of its members belonged to the telephone corps. He at once communicated this pronunciamento of the commander-in-chief to the Independent Socialists.

A violent storm was raised in the Reichstag against the 'man who wants to prolong the war.' That accusation was directed against Ludendorff alone. Hindenburg, although he also had signed the order, was still so popular on account of his victory over the Russians in 1914 and 1915, that he was not included in the condemnation heaped upon his subordinate. According to the rumor of the lobbies, Ludendorff alone was the man responsible. He was charged with trying to exalt the authority of army headquarters above the authority of the Chancellor and of Parliament. Thereupon, he was disavowed by the Cabinet and abandoned by Wilhelm II. On October 26, he and Hindenburg were summoned to an audience with the Kaiser. 'Addressing me alone, His Majesty mentioned the general order of the evening of October 24. I begged him, very humbly, to relieve me of my command. He granted my request.'

So the man who after his defeat on August 8 was the first to demand peace, left the stage of public affairs the last man who still dreamed of Germany's fighting on. The afternoon of October 27, the day when Ludendorff was relieved of duty, Solf telegraphed to Wilson: 'The German government awaits the terms of an armistice, which is to be the first step toward a peace such as the President has outlined in his proclamations.'

The same day, the terms under which Foch consented to cease his pursuit of the retreating foe were submitted to Clemenceau. Ludendorff's disgrace saved him the humiliation of personally receiving the conditions of surrender.

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[*Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Berlin Semi-Official Industrialist Daily), *February 17, 18, 19*]

AMERICA ENMESHED

BY ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ

[It is hardly necessary to remind our readers that the publication of an article in the LIVING AGE does not imply our editorial endorsement. Admiral von Tirpitz was one of the most skilful press propagandists in Germany before the war, and he is still an influential 'opinion-maker' in that country. What he writes must be reckoned with to that extent, and deserves the attention of Americans who wish to follow the principal currents of European thought.]

AMERICA has become England's most powerful rival, as a result of the World War, and accommodates its policies to that fact. Americans who fancy that rivalry will not impair the friendship of the two nations and have faith that 'blood is thicker than water,' should remember that this famous sentence was first spoken by an American, and not by an Englishman. Conflicts of interests will multiply and America's memory will revert rather to the days when England armed the *Alabama*. As the manufacturing industries of the United States expand, the demand for an independent merchant marine will grow stronger, because the two are inseparably connected. Germany's merchant marine grew rapidly, before the war, in response to that very condition. Practical minded Americans will never be deluded into fancying that the existence and prosperity of their commerce and manufacturing can be left to the mercy of English good will. The crop of greenhorns will not be as thrifty in their country as it was among us German half-cousins of the Anglo-Saxons. The brotherhood of nations is a grand ideal, toward which we ought to strive. But up to to-day, Divine Providence has made international competition the mainspring of progress and civilization. At least that is the lesson of several thousand years of human history. Men with the gift of seeing things as they are, hardly fancy that this situation will change completely within a single generation.

Granting these facts, the United States, whether it wishes it or not, will be obliged to protect its commerce by real defenses. It may depend entirely upon its own resources for the latter, or it may seek them in friendship with other nations. Since Germany has been crushed, the United States is thrown more than ever on itself. So far as England is concerned, rivalry with the United States may be limited for an indefinite time to come to commercial competition. But irresistible historical forces are pushing America into unavoidable military and political, as well as economic, conflict with Japan.

France, which still remains an important factor in world policy, although one of second rank, has become so completely dependent on England, that it will never be a political plus for the United States. In Washington's day, France was truly such a plus, because it stood on its own feet

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and was a rival of England upon the sea. Americans have yet to learn by experience whether Wilson, a century later, acted with political farsightedness, when he helped to crush the only independent maritime state in Europe; a state which under the stress of existing conditions neither could come into conflict with the United States, nor desired to do so.

It is impossible to predict at this moment just when and in what way the inevitable conflict between the United States and Japan will reach a crisis. In the interest of the whole world, I hope it will be possible to avoid a war. But in the background of this conflict will always lurk the growing rivalry between England and America. The statement of an American officer, that England would in time become a star on the Star-Spangled Banner, was possible before the World War; but now, it is very unlikely, notwithstanding all the pleasant things which England and Englishmen are saying about their trans-Atlantic cousins. The United States, in the self-confidence of its strength and youth, utterly underestimates the power of England. It is not America but England, with its countless strongholds and naval bases acquired in the course of centuries, with its bridgeheads, not only against other countries but also against the United States, which commands the sea and controls the globe. That will continue to be the case, although to a somewhat lessened degree, if America builds a powerful navy. In a certain sense, and under somewhat different conditions, America now occupies the position which Germany occupied before the World War. England, however, has to-day obtained unconditional mastery over Continental Europe, has extended its rule in Africa, Mesopotamia, and India, and has seized the keys of the Mediterranean at Constantinople, as well as at Gibraltar. By controlling all these territories it has secured itself an overwhelming counterpoise to the compact territory of the United States.

Many people believe that Englishmen and Americans will always remain friends, because they speak the same language and have the same customs and traditions — powerful aids to mutual understanding. We must not underestimate the importance of such ties of sympathy. Wilson was able, by their aid, to persuade his people to participate in the World War. On the other hand, however, the history of the last century — which is the significant century in this matter — proves that the United States has become a nation with its own *psyche*, already either fully matured, or reaching maturity. The mental and moral evolution of the United States has now reached a stage far enough advanced to make the country less dependent on England, even in its forms of speech and art. There will come a time when their common language will no longer outweigh the conflict in their material interests; and the extraordinary speed with which political events march in our day may make this date nearer than men fancy.

However that may be, a survey of England's policy for centuries shows that it is the national character of its people to shape their course in accordance with practical rather than sentimental interests. That country will be very prudent in handling its conflicts with America. It will cover its designs with fair humanitarian phases, and bluff John Bull cordiality. To-day, England is the ally of Japan, and is on the best of terms with America. It will pose as a friendly mediator, honorably intent on peace and compromise, whenever controversies arise be-

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tween those two countries. That is the part it has played for centuries in disputes between European powers,—has played so successfully, and with such visible results, that the Continent now lies in ruin and wreckage, and England survives intact. Were war to break out between America and Japan, the English would at first preserve an attitude of benevolent neutrality. Their statesmen thoughtfully provided for that emergency in their last treaty with Japan. If England should be forced to intervene by some development in the conflict, or were one of the opponents to prove too strong, then it would take the side which promised the greatest profit to itself.

Many will assert that England will not dare to antagonize the United States, on account of Canada. Such people forget that Canada is a growing nation, rapidly asserting its own independence, and likely to have a word to say for itself. Furthermore, England has more to lose in the Far East, including both Australia and India, than in Canada. The English government has a high regard for Japan's internal strength and expansive power. A rumor that England intends to station part of its navy, now released from European service, in view of Japan, has not been confirmed, and is probably false. Were that step to be taken, it would not be so much a friendly attention to its ally, as a move to tighten the bonds which already exist, and to efface somewhat the impression which Roosevelt produced by his naval display in Far Eastern waters. Nothing which occurred at that time really disturbed Englishmen so much as this dispatching of the American fleet on its Pacific mission. However, the perfect discipline of the English people and their press was shown by the care with which the real feeling of the country was concealed. That feeling manifested itself in an outburst of anger at Germany, which, in the eyes of Englishmen, prevented themselves from replying to the American demonstration by a great counter-demonstration. People in the United States seem never to have 'caught on' to the real situation.

From the military point of view, the Americans are just at present decidedly stronger than Japan; but a warlike nation like Japan will not permit itself to be diverted from its object by intimidation, and that object is to maintain and extend the supremacy in Eastern Asia, which it has secured through the World War. Added to this, the Japanese possess certain imponderables in their favor; unity of race, language, customs; and a population having few needs, a simple way of living, and ardent patriotism. Other nations are not their equals here. With the progress of the world, moreover, it is possible that smaller countries, considered now unimportant factors in international affairs, will find their sympathies siding with Japan rather than with America, and will seek to utilize the struggle for the mastery of the Pacific to weaken the power of the latter country. But the greatest and the permanent handicap for the United States, lies in the very size of the Pacific, and in the circumstance that America must attack, to compel the Japanese to submit to its will, while Japan can act upon the defensive. Such a course will be much more easy for Japan if it succeeds in seizing the Hawaiian Island at the outbreak of the war. To the strategist, a successful attack upon this preëminently important base would seem easier than the defense of that base from America. But even though the United States

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should succeed in holding the Islands, their value as a base would be very slight compared to the value of the Japanese archipelago to the Japanese.

In any war fought outside of the European continent, land forces will play a subordinate part. The fighting will be primarily for mastery of the sea. England, America, and Japan, are equally aware of this fundamental condition. The only debatable question is, by what instrumentality that mastery of the sea can best be secured, as shown by the practical experience of the late war. A strong probability exists that on account of the peculiar character of the World War, the lessons it taught us regarding naval combat will not prove trustworthy. So far as the war was won on the sea, it was won by English battleships. We could have counteracted the influence of the British battleships only by our own battleships. No decisive naval battle was fought, because our misunderstanding of the political situation, and our failure to appraise rightly its possibilities, prevented our utilizing the German navy as it should have been utilized during the decisive early years of the war.

It was already too late, when at last we attacked England with submarines. She had not and could not make adequate preparations at once to resist such an attack, because the submarine had not been perfected as an effective weapon for distant service until just before the war broke out. Since our naval operations thus, necessarily, took the course they did, the impression has been left that the submarine is a much more important arm of the fleet than facts justify. Any expert who studies the situation without bias, and with an adequate background of technical knowledge, will come to this conclusion. Submarines were not radically improved in the course of the war. More powerful engines were used, hulls were strengthened, and the boats were equipped for longer cruises; but, essentially, during the four years of submarine warfare, Germany used practically the same cruising U-boat, so far as type goes, which it had in 1913. The present argument in England, as to whether surface ships or U-boats are the more effective, is explained by the number of laymen and half-educated specialists who have rushed into the controversy, by the influence of special interest, and particularly because the English Cabinet desires to keep the naval authorities of other countries in the dark as to the conclusions of its own specialists.

Other nations do not yet appreciate that any naval unit, built by another country, whether designed to operate above water or below, is something Great Britain does not like, and instinctively regards as directed against herself. The temperature of her feeling on this subject may rise and fall according to circumstances; but it always remains. Just at present another motive has come into play. The war was a much more costly one for England than anticipated, and the government is struggling with financial difficulties. Meantime, the United States and Japan are relatively stronger from the money point of view than they were before. Either one of them can add to its navy with less sacrifice than England. It may easily happen under such conditions, that England will be forced to sacrifice some of its present naval superiority. That is why we may expect that country to start active propaganda for general disarmament.

Coming back, now, to the controversy between submarines and battleships, this much remains to be said. Can any under-water craft compete

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permanently in total efficiency with over-water craft? We may leave tacticians and strategists to decide what particular form that efficiency may take. Such details do not affect the fundamental question, surface ships or under-surface ships. My own opinion is, that naval engineers will conclude that vessels operating on the surface will always have the greatest total efficiency. Quite in accord with that, ocean commerce will be conducted on the surface of the water for an indefinite time to come. That, alone, is a powerful argument for retaining naval vessels operating on the surface, for these will naturally be employed to destroy enemy commerce. It would take me too far, to go deeper into the technical aspects of my conclusions.

But one more point should be made. Methods for protecting vessels operating upon the surface against torpedoes have not yet received sufficient attention from naval constructors. This subject had been particularly neglected before the war, by England. In the same way that a century ago the invention of the Paixhans shell led to the invention of armor, and started the long controversy between armor and guns,— a controversy which was never settled entirely in favor of either side, — so the torpedo will produce better methods for protecting the submerged portion of a warship, and we may expect that in this case, too, the question will never be decided entirely in favor of either side.

So long as we have to admit that a vessel operating on the surface can perform more service than a vessel operating under water, we shall have battleships. So long as we have battleships, artillery will be the principal weapon employed upon them. Consequently, there is no reason to suppose that battleships, armored cruisers, and light cruisers, are going to vanish from the ocean. Their construction and their relative numbers may change,— such things depend upon the progress of naval science,— but there is not yet the slightest indication that the battleship, as the principal unit of naval power, is likely to disappear.

We have added the submarine to our former naval units. The number of these boats and their efficiency will increase in every navy. Simultaneously, methods of defense against submarines will be improved, as they were during the war. Changes in the composition of fleets, and in the allocation of money for different branches of the fleet, will occur. However, those changes are not likely to be so radical, or so sudden, as U-boat champions now believe.

It is much harder to predict what the effect of airships will be in future wars, than the effect of submarines. As an old naval officer, who learned his trade in the days of hemp and canvas, I never shared the exaggerated hopes which our people placed in Zeppelins. Their immense size, and the fact that they are more or less at the mercy of the wind, make them unreliable for scouting. Their vulnerability makes their sphere of usefulness limited. Airships will probably be employed in the future only for special purposes.

On the other hand, airplanes show more promise. Presumably, their importance will grow as a means of communication in times of peace. Business men will become interested in perfecting them, and these improvements will react upon their use in war. Airplanes practically supplanted cavalry for scouting and information purposes during our recent hostilities. They were used with considerable effect for purposes of attack behind the front. It is not venturing too much to say that their employment for such purposes in any future war will be much more extensive than in the late war.

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We had little practical experience with seaplanes during the last conflict. This was because airplanes were still in the experimental stage when the war broke out. We had not solved the problem of safe landings on the water, or of launching them from vessels. Consequently, it is hard to form an opinion as to how far airships can be employed in attacking naval vessels. Yet, that is a matter of supreme importance in considering the effect of the airplane upon future navies. I am not ready to give an unreserved opinion upon this. During our late hostilities, few such attacks occurred. We discovered that torpedo airplanes were exceedingly hard to manœuvre in attack. We have every reason to suppose that better defensive weapons than modern anti-airplane guns will be developed for use on naval vessels. Then we have the further fact, that the seaplane can be fought by the seaplane, and, in particular, that any seaplane carrying a heavy load of explosives, for instance, will be largely at the mercy of light, swift attacking planes. However, already the seaplane has become an important weapon to be kept in mind in all future naval programmes.

On the whole, I conclude from the teachings of naval history, whose greatest master was an American, that the science of naval warfare is not going to be revolutionized in a moment, but will follow an organic line of evolution. Such evolution takes time. Fancy, only, can ignore this limitation. The practical man will always respect it. The last war has done nothing to change my opinion here, although, quite naturally, technical progress is faster now than in the old days. When a crisis arises, however, men must use what they have. They cannot wait for the outcome of uncertain experiments. Consequently, the decisive factor will always be the navy already in being. This is more true because every war vessel is a compromise among thousands of different theories, and a large element of chance is involved in its most effective utilization in actual combat. *Ex post facto* criticism is apt to fall largely into the hands of men who know very little about their subject. Whatever is worth knowing is not bandied about in public, and a responsible navy department cannot afford to be diverted by that kind of chatter. The United States is preparing to build a powerful navy. Since that country has a long seaboard on both the Atlantic and Pacific, and since it does not possess many naval bases outside its territories, it will presumably build vessels having a wide radius of action. This general principle will apply equally to surface vessels, submarines, and airplanes. Its government will also keep in mind constantly, in developing its navy, that decisive battles will not be fought under the guns of its coast defenses, but upon the high seas.

I have always cherished a great liking for the American people, and followed with sympathy their progress and development. It has been my experience that Germans get along better with Americans than with the insular English. I have met many Americans, and always found them friendly and pleasant. Several trips to America have taught me something of the country. We Germans can learn a great deal from that nation, and on the other hand, that nation can learn much from us. My feeling toward the country and the people of the United States has changed of late; but that is not by any means entirely due to the mere fact that they joined our enemies during the war. Had the American people said to us frankly, that the best interests of their country dictated that Germany should be crushed, I would,

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naturally, have regretted it; but my opinion of the American as a man would not have changed on account of that. However, the spirit which dominated America during the war was not the spirit of former times. The proverb: 'If you can, make money honestly; but make money,' played a great rôle in America during Wilson's administration. Were it not for that, Northcliffe would have been less successful there. The spirit of Washington and Lincoln would have scorned the thought of being so muddled and betrayed as were the Americans of to-day by England's immoral propaganda of falsehoods.

How much more self-respecting and genuinely neutral was Argentina, for example, than was the United States under President Wilson's leadership. Although in Argentina, racial sympathy spoke so strongly for our enemies, and, in particular, for France, she recognized that the war, when you went to the bottom of things, was merely a German war for independence; a war to defend our own civilization. Our enemies had labored for decades for the destruction of Germany, and were merely waiting for a favorable moment to draw the noose. The moral aspect of that truth is not affected by the fact that our own blundering diplomacy, in July, 1914, gave our enemies such a splendid opportunity to spring their trap. Was it not fair to expect that America's sense of justice would make its people sympathize with a nation struggling for its existence against an all-powerful enemy? Should not America's indignation have been aroused when the black list was enforced, and England presumed to read and regulate the business and private correspondence of free American citizens? How promptly the American people resisted such aggression in 1812, when England exercised its right of search on American vessels, and thus brought on itself a declaration of war! This is my personal judgment regarding Wilson's attitude between 1914 and 1915. But I condemn still more strongly Wilson's conduct toward Germany at the conclusion of the war. The German people believed that they were dealing with an honorable gentleman, entitled to their confidence, in contrast with Lloyd George and Clemenceau. Trusting to his solemn promises, inexperienced and gullible German politicians, like Scheidemann and Erzberger, practically disarmed Germany in the autumn of 1918, and began to treat for peace. Being completely taken in at the outset, they deprived the country of its power to resist even the most disgraceful terms. It was Wilson's breach of faith which brought such a catastrophe upon a peace-loving and valiant nation. If there is such a thing as a world conscience and eventual world justice, Wilson's conduct in this instance bodes no good to the future happiness of America.

Our proclamation of submarine warfare, on February 1, 1917, was the formal ground for America's declaration of war against Germany. After the war was over, Wilson stated publicly, that America would have declared war if Germany had not started its submarine campaign. We are entitled to assume, then, that there were other reasons. I no longer held office in 1917, and therefore have no desire to discuss the incidents of that period. But I want to point out in a general way, that after England had violated every precept and principle of international law, with Wilson's connivance, a nation fighting for its existence was perfectly entitled by natural law to employ submarines against the trade of that enemy, and it will be entitled to do so at any date in future. France has already officially recognized that

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we possessed both *de jure* and *de facto*, the right to use our submarines as we did. We had previously promised Wilson not to interfere with American shipping when it was clearly shown to be such; that is, through convoys. Wilson was able to work his will upon us without hindrance at home, because the American constitution gave him far more power than the old constitution of the Empire ever gave the German Kaiser. But in spite of this purely personal factor, I am forced to conclude from the general conduct of the United States that America's political independence has not brought with it intellectual and moral emancipation from England. In any case, England succeeded, by Machiavellian and unscrupulous propaganda of falsehood, in making the American people for the time being march obediently to its own music. Every other day Northcliffe fed the nation some new tale of atrocity and German frightfulness. Falsified movie films systematically deluded the people, with ostensibly authentic pictures of drowning mothers and children. The people in the United States were not touched in the slightest by the mounting infant mortality in Germany, and the deaths of hundreds of thousands of our people as the result of the hunger blockade. Furthermore, our enemies, with America's consent, continued that blockade nine months after the war was over, for the purpose of still further weakening and wrecking the German race. This was at a time when the country was already helpless, during the winter of 1918 and 1919, when there was not the slightest military excuse for such an action. More German women and children perished every single day on account of the continuance of the blockade in times of nominal peace, than perished on account of U-boat sinkings during the whole four years of the war. That cruelty, persisted in after an armistice was signed, was so cynical and so contemptible that Wilson and England will never be able to justify themselves for it before God and before the conscience of the world. We barbarous Germans pursued a very different policy in a similar situation. When we saw the surrender of Paris was drawing near, fifty years ago, we brought up to the front thousands and thousands of carloads of provisions for the immediate relief of the city's starving population, although this interfered with our supply of munitions and thus lengthened our campaign.

Famine and tuberculosis are still ravaging my country under the peace of Versailles. That treaty did not stop our abnormally high mortality. What can a few charitable Quakers do feeding a small number of children — noble and Christian though their work may be — to counterbalance this atrocity? The American people celebrate an Independence Day every year; but during the war their country reverted to the status of a self-governing British dominion. Quite apart from Wilson's dishonorable violation of his armistice pledge, America, by becoming a party to the unjust treaty of Versailles, has deserted the path of freedom and independence which it followed for a century, and has even compromised the Monroe Doctrine. And it has done all this in the service of English world dominion.

I am convinced, personally, that a proud people like the Americans will ultimately recognize this situation. The lies which have flooded the whole world from London will not be believed forever. History will prove finally that the German government was politically ill-advised and tactless at the outbreak of the war; but that the moral responsibility for the war rests entirely on Germany's enemies, and

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above all, upon England's world policy. In particular, the much abused Kaiser had no part whatever in bringing about the war. No man knows that better than I do. During the July days of 1914, he did all in his power to prevent a war.

The idea of a League of Nations is noble and Christian. I appreciate that many men can become enthusiastic about it. Whether, and when, a true League of Nations is to be set up among men, as they actually are and as they are likely to be for a long time to come, is another question.

One fact is certain. The League of Nations devised at Versailles has turned out to be the exact opposite of what it affects to be; and is merely a limited company to crush Germany. Some of the small and neutral governments of Europe joined the company, but only under political and material pressure from England and France. These smaller powers have thus compromised their own independence.

If the existing state of affairs continues, and proves fatal to Germany, as it must, the fate of all Europe is even now sealed. Farsighted Americans and Englishmen perceive this.

The United States, in defiance of the wise admonition of Washington, and in violation of the Monroe Doctrine, intervened in the affairs of Europe without knowing what it was doing. Its power and Wilson's breach of faith caused the decision of the conflict to be overwhelmingly one-sided, and thereby made impossible a peace of conciliation and justice. The country still has the power to prevent further ruin in Europe, and, to-day, faces the question, whether its interests do not demand that it use this power. Now that the war is over, the United States cannot simply step aside and leave Europe to itself without making the whole nation guilty of the betrayal of justice which Wilson personally committed. So far as I am able to judge the soul and the morality of the American people, I cannot conceive them guilty of such dishonor.

Their aid has nothing whatever to do with sympathy for one government or another government; it is merely a question of fulfilling a national duty.

Whatever may be the outcome, Germany has ceased to be a dangerous rival for any country for a long time to come; perhaps forever. Our first need now is to restore the health of the nation at home; its physical and its spiritual health.

Five centuries ago, Europe carried civilization to the American continent. It should be America's proud task to-day to succor that civilization in the home of its birth.

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MARCION: THE EVANGEL OF THE STRANGE GOD. I

BY ADOLPH VON HARNACK

[No recent work upon the history of Christian dogma has attracted more attention than the exhaustive study of Marcion, by Professor von Harnack, professor of Theology at the University of Berlin, from which we quote the following passages. It represents the results of more than fifty years of investigation; but its appearance just now may have been invited by the interest in the teachers of Christian Pacificism which characterizes current religious thought in Germany.]

THE man to whom the following pages are devoted was the founder of a religion. Even his contemporary and first opponent, Justin the Apologete, recognized him as such. But Marcion belonged to those religious founders who are unconscious of their own work. In his case such self-deception was easily explained; for the Apostle Paul had no more devoted disciple than himself, and Marcion confessed allegiance to no other God than the one he recognized in the crucified Jesus.

During the first century of our era, one could read inscribed upon altars in Athens, in Rome, and probably in other cities, the words: 'To the Unknown Gods,' or 'To the God's of Asia, Europe, and Africa,' 'To the Unknown and Strange Gods,' and perhaps, likewise, 'To the Unknown God.'

These inscriptions were inspired by fear that some overlooked or foreign divinity might be offended by neglect. The term 'unknown,' therefore, did not allude to any theological mystery.

However, ever since the days of Socrates there had existed among the Greeks a philosophy of religion, although it was not called by that name, which recognized an 'unknown and strange God.' He was unknown because he had no name; he was 'strange' because he did not belong to *dii patrii*, or national Gods. His most important attribute, however, was that he was always referred to in the singular, and as the only god, and therefore supplanted and abolished all other deities.

Through this development, the unknown God became the centre of a new mystery or cult, and thereby became known. To be sure, the title 'unknown' was still applied to him. In fact, it might well be applied to this particular conception of the Deity, inasmuch as patriotic tradition and popular religion knew nothing of Him, and He was not recognizable through any other medium. Nevertheless, religious speculation was increasingly centred upon this conception of God, and inclined to disparage more and more all rival gods. Around the purely negative attributes of being unknown, a garb of positive attributes was spun. This unknown God, therefore, had nothing in common with the 'Unknown and Foreign Gods of Asia, Europe, and Africa.' A new development in religious thought separated him from them, so that he occupied an entirely different sphere, one both more remote and more intimate than theirs.

Nevertheless, according to the Acts of the Apostles, he and they were iden-

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tified, and by no less an authority than the Apostle Paul during his sojourn in Athens. That such an identification was possible for him or his historian — it is immaterial which — was symptomatic of the period. For this was an age of syncretism,— of fusing together religious conceptions from widely different sources. However, Paul at once defined this unknown God as merely a misknown God, and preached of him as the Creator and Ruler of the universe.

This doctrine has been adopted by the Church. The latter used the term 'unknown god' to describe the blindness of the Pagan world to the true Deity, or to indicate the elevation of this God above the sphere of human reason and knowledge. Under other aspects it recognized Him through His revelation in the world, in history, and in Jesus Christ. It was thus it knew Him and called Him by name.

But the Christian Gnostics followed the Greek Mysteriosophists in taking the conception of 'unknown' literally. To them, God, although the Father of Jesus Christ, was really unknown; because during the long process of speculation concerning the Deity since the days of Plato, the connection between God and the world had not only become more remote, but had utterly disappeared. The disciples of this sect sought truth in their own spiritual experiences and observations, to which they attached increasingly greater importance; they endeavored to discover the pure, the perfect, the exalted Deity in their own hearts, untouched by contact with the outer world, which they conceived as evil. This process of thought resulted eventually in a complete separation of the divine idea from the physical world. To them, the Unknown God was not the creator. That was why He was unknown. They endowed Him in the depths of their own souls with the attributes of spirituality, holiness, and perfection, until they had exalted Him so high above the world, that it was impossible to conceive Him as its creator and ruler. Thereupon the world itself became in their opinion worthless and evil. All real truth and existence centred in the Deity himself. The world became a prison, a hell, an irrational illusion, an unreality. It had no justification for being. Its phenomenal existence was only a source of error and delusion.

Just then, a religious thinker appeared upon the stage who adopted this dogma as the basis of his whole religious reasoning. He was not, however, a product of that school, nor was he compromised by its half truths and ambiguities. This is precisely why he could employ its doctrine so fruitfully. He approached its teachings from the standpoint of Biblical Christianity as interpreted by Paul. He conceived God as revealed in Jesus Christ, as solely and exclusively the merciful Father, the God of compassion, and was convinced that no other conception of God was true; that any other conception was error. Therefore, he proclaimed this God consistently and solely as the perfect Redeemer, but also as the unknown and strange divinity. He was unknown, because He could not be comprehended in terms of the world and mankind; He was strange, because no natural bond or obligation united him with the world and with man, not even with the souls of men. This God came into the world as an utterly strange guest and strange master. He was a tremendous paradox, and consequently religion itself involved a paradox, if it was true religion and not false illusion. For the first time, therefore, in the history of religious thought, the 'unknown and strange god' was recognized in a world for which he was not responsible, be-

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cause he had not created it, and in which he manifested himself merely through compassionate love, for the sake of man's salvation. Such a Deity would have been utterly inconceivable to the men who, with primitive and timid piety, erected altars in Pagan Rome and Greece to the 'unknown and strange gods.'

The man who proclaimed this new conception of God to the world was the Christian, Marcion of Sinope. All Christians at this date conceived themselves strangers in the world. Marcion reversed this: God was the stranger, who was to lead His believers out of their native oppression and misery into a new fatherland. This is the essentially novel element in Marcion's doctrine. He followed the teaching of inner illumination to its ultimate consequences. He terminated five centuries of evolution of the conception of religion as something entirely within the individual, without himself being part of that evolution. The Greeks were inconsistent. Their Gnostics and Neoplatonists, far apart as they were in other respects, were agreed in believing that God was 'unknown' but not that He was 'strange.' However, Marcion contributed in addition a second and a third line of thought, and these are peculiarly his own. In order to understand them we must describe somewhat more in detail the spiritual doctrines with which they are associated.

The great power of the new religion which had been spreading throughout the Roman Empire from Palestine since the days of the Emperor Claudius, was derived not only from the novel doctrine of Jesus Christ, the crucified and resurrected, but from the fact that this new belief embraced within itself a wealth of preëxistent and often contradictory religious conceptions. As the full fruition of Judaism, the new faith took over all its predecessor's traditions and learning, including much of its ritual and its social organization. And yet, from the beginning the new religion was eminently syncretic, and therefore, catholic. Since it was a complete precipitate of the religious history of a highly religious race, it was not narrowed down to the needs of a single individual, but was accommodated to the countless and varied demands of persons of widely different station and culture. It might become more complex in the course of its evolution, but it could hardly become more many-sided than it was already, at the time it invaded the Roman Empire. This religion preached a hitherto unknown God. But it simultaneously preached a Ruler of Heaven and Earth, which the opinion of the world was ripe to receive, and which many had already proclaimed.

It made proselytes for a new Master and Redeemer, only lately crucified under Tiberius. But it asserted at the same time, that He had been present even in the creation of the world, and had been continuously revealed from the period of the early Fathers in the human heart, and through the prophets.

It preached that all which this Redeemer taught and did was new; and at the same time it gave its followers ancient sacred writings received from the Jews, which incorporated wisdom handed down from times earlier than human memory.

It embodied an inexhaustible wealth of lofty myth and allegory; and it preached at the same time an all-embracing *Logos*, whose nature and work these myths portrayed.

It preached that God was all in all; and at the same time that men were guided by free will.

It based its teachings upon the Spirit and truth; and yet it perpetuated

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ancient rites and sacrifices which appealed to religious sensuality and mysticism.

It explained the cosmos as the perfect creation of a good and all-powerful God; and at the same time described it as the sinful realm of evil spirits.

It proclaimed the resurrection of the flesh; and simultaneously made war upon the flesh.

It appealed powerfully to the consciences of men by announcing the approaching of the day when an angry God would judge the world; and at the same time it described that God, while still assigning Him all the sterner attributes given Him in the Old Testament, as the God of compassion and love.

It insisted upon right conduct and virtue, and self-control and sacrifice; and yet it promised complete forgiveness of sins.

It dealt with the individual soul, as though it were solitary in the world; and it also declared the brotherhood of man in a fraternity as broad as the human race, and as deep as human need.

It erected a religious democracy; and yet from the beginning it was submissive to high authority.

Finally, no other religion ever exhibited such many-sidedness, such complexity, such catholicism, as this religion exhibited in its subsequent evolution. Yet it possessed all these qualities, expressed or implied, from the very beginning, in spite of its short creed, 'Christ the Master.'

The religion which preached Jesus Christ, preached also both the Old Testament and the complex religious doctrines which Late Judaism had drawn from countless sources. This catholicism was not in accord with the spirit of the Founder. We know that to Him all traditions and doctrines and forms were unimportant, provided a man acknowledged God, followed His will, and recognized His law. Jesus never contemplated setting up a great body of doctrine. His interest was centred solely in a practical religion, the main feature of which he ever kept consistently in view. Even in that he remained a Jew in the meaning of the prophets, preaching exclusively and repeatedly the 'justice' of God; but he measured that justice by a different standard from that used by the Pharisees and the 'Learned in the Law.'

Probably, the Jewish Christian communities in Palestine likewise conceived religion in this sense. They did not recognize any God-world dogma. The complicated and contradictory materials which had been accumulated by Late Judaism were in their eyes structureless,— not a doctrine, but a mass of materials of uncertain validity, from which each might draw inspiration, admonition, and speculation, as he liked. In Judea, Christianity was preached merely as the fulfilment of the Messiah prophecy. Centuries of tradition and direct familiarity with these religious doctrines enabled the Jews to utilize those teachings with discrimination, while maintaining the simplicity of their old faith. That was an attitude, an art, which passed over automatically to the Jewish Christians.

But this all changed at once as soon as Christianity reached the Greeks. Judaism itself had been modified by contact with Greek learning; but the national and cultural unity of the Jews made the modification less obvious and radical, so it remained but an episode in the history of their faith.

In what did the change consist when Christian doctrine and Greek learning met? Religion became a philosophy of religion, for that was the only guise in which the higher intellect of the Greek could conceive it. It was subordinated to the *Logos*. At the same time, the

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Greeks felt it necessary to reason that doctrine out logically, and to rationalize what had been given them merely as a divine revelation.

That revelation, however, was of inexhaustible potential richness. This was particularly true of the Old Testament. Who could master its wealth, the abundance of its communications concerning God and His influence upon nature and the spiritual life of man, its multiplicity of records and teachings, of admonition and of solace? And with the Old Testament came a flood of apocalyptic writings, of proverbs, of speculation. It is astonishing that the Greeks accepted all this as divine revelation. However, that was due to the difficulty of discriminating. One thing was linked with another, until eventually all Bible teaching was related with the six days of creation, the Psalms, and certain books of the Prophets. These and only these three portions of the Bible, as we know from countless witnesses, produced the profound impression which Christianity made upon the soul and spirit of the Greeks, and induced them to accept as the Word of God everything which was inseparably connected with this revelation. Many a Pagan or philosophical convert frankly admitted that his faith did not originate with the teachings of Jesus Christ, but that the Old Testament was the bridge over which he crossed to Christianity.

To be sure it was not the highest minds who were affected thus. The aristocracy of the Greek intellect did not acknowledge the Old Testament and the preaching of Christ until its own knell as a class had sounded.

So what had been merely a doctrine of the Messiah and of man's destiny among the first Jewish Christians, became, when transplanted to Greek soil, a religion with a content of unexampled richness.

One of the greatest services rendered by the Catholic Church has been to preserve intact for the Christian religion the entire body of its religious teaching, and particularly the contradictory elements of doctrine which it contains. The whole history of Christian dogma is based on this. The rites of the Church, its system of absolution, and its complicated ecclesiastical constitution, come from this source. But this great body of doctrine was never reduced by the early Church to a consistent and logical system. That was left for the scholastics of the Middle Ages.

Every thinking man instinctively strives to master in its totality the religion which he has received; and if he cannot do this, he instinctively rejects what seems to him contradictory, incomprehensible, and abhorrent. It was natural, therefore, that from the very beginning of the history of the Church, teachers should appear, who sought to make its teaching logical and comprehensible to themselves by rejecting certain dogmas, by emphasizing others, and by reducing the whole to a harmonious unity. They sought to teach a self-consistent Christianity, reduced to a creed, freed from contradictions. They could, of course, accomplish the same object by assigning allegorical meaning to what they did not accept literally; but that was not a method which could be applied universally, or by every man.

Even in the infancy of the Catholic Church, men who tried to create for themselves a consistent religion out of the vast body of traditional doctrines were called heretics,— that is, teachers who followed the truth as they personally saw it. The greatest missionary of the earliest period, the Apostle Paul, at once comes to mind. His place in church history is unique, because he is simultaneously the father of the Catho-

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lic Church and of heresy. Paul always attached supreme importance to having his teaching in perfect accord with that of the first Apostles. No matter how strongly he insisted on his own apostolic independence, he did not intend thereby to imperil his complete acceptance of early Christian doctrine in all its essential aspects. At the same time, however, he tacitly and expressly rejected an important part of he traditions hitherto received; and he emphasized other features of the doctrine so as to reduce its apparent contradictions. He paved the way for a consistent explanation of Christ's mission. He gave a new content to the conception of the Law. He rejected the religious value of works. He emphasized the Newer Scriptures to such an extent that the Old Testament was threatened with the loss of its authority as a guide to present belief and conduct. He proclaimed the triumph of the spirit over the letter, until the letter seemed transitory and worthless. He conceived sin and redemption from a point of view all his own, and denied the validity of every conflicting concept.

In a word, Paul was not satisfied with a doctrine which simultaneously made religion and morality supreme; which interpreted the universe as both God centred and man centred; which preached predestination and likewise free will; which accepted both the dramatic and contemplative in religion,— as these disparate conceptions were taken over by the Christian doctrine from Late Judaism. Starting from his faith in the crucified Son of God, he sought a creed which would reconcile, through the idea of redemption, the conflict between our spiritual life and the world about us. We need not here go into the ancient controversy as to whether or not these efforts were inspired by the teachings of the Greek Gnostics. Even though we conclude that they were, the originality and independence of his religious views are not seriously affected.

The significant element in the teaching of the Gnostics was, that starting out with accepting Christ as the Redeemer, and thus agreeing with the teaching of Paul upon this point, they sought to erect a consistent and harmonious Christian creed by rejecting many of its collateral religious and moral principles;—at the same time, however, borrowing largely from the speculations of non-Christian mystics. This remains even to-day an obscure phase of the history and the psychology of religion. How did it happen that the first Pagans who became Christian theologians were Gnostics; that is, men who incorporated alien myths and the speculations associated with them into Christianity as derived exclusively from Judaism?

My own opinion is, that this was because Judaism had not worked out a systematic theology coördinated with its sacred texts; that is, with its 'Law.' To be sure, it had its apocalyptic writings, its books of proverbs, and above all its Greek literature, rich in religious themes and theological speculation, and yet closely associated with the literal interpretation of the Old Testament. The Christian doctrine took over all this as an unorganized mass of material. But the 'Law' was substantially all the Jews demanded in the way of systematic theology. That theology was summarized, so to speak, in a single sentence: 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord.' Even this sentence was threatened by the introduction of a new religious conception, without the fact being noted, because Judaism did not keep a written record of the evolution of its own beliefs.

It therefore followed that since the

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'Law' had lost its validity among the new Christian congregations — as it had not among the Jewish congregations — some new coördinating element must be sought to prevent their disintegration. In the course of the second century the Catholic Church developed this, by combining the idea of 'The Faith' with the teachings of the Apostles, and it proceeded upon the basis of these conceptions to codify, so to speak, the New Testament, and cautiously and gradually to work out the whole comprehensive theory of the apostolic mission and authority of its bishops. However, viewed from the purely ecclesiastical standpoint, the first effort in this direction, as initiated by Origen, failed, and must subsequently be radically amended. This preliminary failure, however, did not prove disastrous, because the authority of the Holy Scriptures and of the Apostles, together with the short Apostles' Creed, were sufficient to stand the stress, and to preserve in the Christian community the conviction that it possessed infinite, but at the same time certain and defined religious truth.

But the heretics, following in this respect the footsteps of the Apostle Paul, were not willing to postpone the formulation of a complete and consistent doctrine; that is, a rational, systematizing, and what we might perhaps call codification of their religious belief. They showed they were Greeks by the very nature of their demand; but they were more than Greeks. For their leaders had necessarily been Greek Gnostics before they became Christians; in other words, they entered Christianity from an intellectual and religious atmosphere colored by a combination of Oriental and Hellenic mysticism and occult doctrine, and also tinted by the late Pythagorian, the late Platonic, and the late Stoic philosophy. This *Gnosis* presented manifold aspects in respect to content, and cultural and sociological qualities; but it became a consistent unity when transfused with Christian doctrine, attaining at once a stage of development which non-Christian Greek philosophy of religion did not attain until Iamblichus. The Christian Gnostics of the second century reached this point by accepting at once the principle of revelation. They thereby identified with Christian teaching the whole post-Platonic God-world system, together with its conception of the soul and man's fall and redemption. This teaching thus became supreme; for Jesus Christ was conceived as the Redeemer of souls; in other words, the Divine Power which releases the soul from its unnatural imprisonment in the material world, caused by its fall, and liberates it so that it can return to its natural home.

[*Deutsche Politik* (Liberal Nationalist Weekly), *February 4*]

THE HEIRS OF THE BOLSHEVIKI

BY DR. PAUL ROHRBACH

[The author is a German born in the Empire of the Tsars, intimately familiar with its language, people, and government, and an eminent publicist, who possesses very unusual opportunities to keep currently informed upon Russian affairs.]

RUSSIA'S Bolshevist government, a structure hastily and planlessly thrown together without foundation or mortar, is audibly crumbling and crackling. It has been predicted time and again that this freak child of misery and conflagration could not survive its third year. Some time ago, I myself wrote that it was inadvisable to count upon too speedy a termination of Bolshevist rule, in spite of the multiplying symptoms of its early end. The system may collapse suddenly into dust and ruins; but on the other hand, it may crumble

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and waste away, little by little. The only certain thing is that the experiment is doomed. That raises the question: Who will be the heirs of the Bolsheviki? In a recent article in this publication, an author pointed out who would certainly not be the heirs: the Russian emigrants who are so busy just now in Paris, Berlin, and elsewhere trying to persuade credulous public men and business men to advance them funds upon the strength of a Russia reconstructed on the emigrant plan. These schemers, who have no credit or influence whatever in the Russia that has been left by the Bolshevist revolution, will never play an important part in that country in the future. In reply to the question, what will succeed Bolshevism in Russia? the best informed men usually answer with perfect justice: For a time, chaos. Who, however, will ultimately lead Russia out of this chaos? A Russian engineer who had just come from soviet Russia expressed himself on this point recently before a large company. The conversation had been going on for some time when I arrived, and I was greeted when I came in with these words: 'Here is a gentleman who is telling us something very interesting. The coöperative societies, he says, will take over things after the Bolsheviki are driven out of Russia, and will restore economic order.' I replied: 'If the gentleman says that, he's a man who really knows Russia. Let us ask him to tell us more about it.'

What are the Russian coöperatives? We have had some excellent accounts of them in German. Dr. Bruno Hahn recently sketched, in a few sentences, the growth of the Russian coöperative societies, since their origin about 1860, and pointed out that after the first revolution, in 1905, the movement, despite periods of temporary relapse, had become a great power in the country.

'Then came the revolution of 1905, and with it a great change in the coöperatives. The oppressive regulations which had hitherto hampered them were removed. The Imperial Duma became their champion. The educated classes of Russia, disillusioned by the failure of the political revolution, turned all their energies and efforts to perfecting the coöperatives, which they saw might be made an instrument for training the people in self-government.

The tireless labors of the Semstvos in the field of popular education and economic enlightenment began to bear fruit, and prepared the people for cooperative endeavor. Even the government itself now began to favor the young movement, after Stolypin started out to create a vigorous, independent peasantry tilling its own farms, and to educate the peasantry in modern methods of production. . . . So the progress of the movement was rapid. A network of coöperative societies soon covered all Russia. Their number rose from 3500 in 1905 to more than 18,000 in 1912, and 31,000 in 1914. By this time, these institutions were remolding the whole life of the people. The war and the revolution gave them another push forward. They became an all-embracing form of national organization. In August, 1917, just before the Bolshevist revolution, 50,000 coöperative societies, including more than 15,000,000 households, were actually represented at the Coöperative Congress in Moscow. On the first of January, 1918, the number of societies had risen to more than 54,000. To-day they are said to include 22,000,000 households. More than a third, if not fully one half, of all the people of Russia are to-day members of coöperative societies. There is scarcely a Russian village which is without one.'

Let me add to these data, which are more fully discussed in the study from

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which I have just quoted, the summary with which Hermann von Rosen concludes an account of this system, in the last January issue of the *Deutsche Rundschau*.

'So far as we can judge from the scanty information received from Russia, they will constitute the most promising foundation for the economic reconstruction of that country. . . . The coöperatives have been able to resist successfully the ruthless dictatorship of the Bolsheviki and the inflexible will of Lenin. . . . While the latter tried to build a new Russia roof first, the coöperatives have been silently laying a solid foundation along their own lines. They have won a moral victory, and they will continue to win victories; because they will have nothing to do with the abstract theories of fanatics, but are plodding along accommodating themselves to actual conditions and obeying normal laws of evolution. Whatever government Russia may have in the future, whether a reactionary monarchy or a democratic peasant republic, the coöperatives will maintain themselves.'

We can even go a step further than Rosen does. His alternative 'whether a reactionary monarchy or a democratic peasant republic' is merely theoretical. In reality, the only possible solution for Russia to-day is a democratic peasant republic, an outcome that will be reached through the coöperative societies, which consist overwhelmingly of peasants. We can fairly say that the Russian national genius is gifted with constructive powers in only one direction, and that is the coöperative direction. This is even more true of the Ukrainians, if possible, than of the Great Russians. Even before the war, the coöperatives in that region permeated and shaped the whole life of the community. These societies are even more common and older in the Ukraine than in other parts of Russia. Upon an average one existed for every 6000 people in the whole empire and for every 5000 people in Ukraine. Let me quote again a very important passage from the article by Hahn:

'The efforts dating from before the war to unite the Ukrainian coöperatives into larger unions met more obstinate resistance from the government than in any other parts of the empire, because the authorities had a presentiment, long before the people in general did, of the coming Ukrainian national movement, and feared that movement. It was not until the war and the revolution that the societies could unite. The number of large coöperative society unions increased from seven in 1915, to 250 at the end of 1918. When Ukraine seceded from Russia, late in 1917, all the general societies united in one great central organization, independent of the Moscow central office. This general union was divided into three sections embracing respectively the consumers coöperatives, the credit coöperatives, and the agricultural coöperatives.'

In fact, the coöperative societies of Ukraine paved the way for political independence. The leaders of these societies were also the leaders of the national movement. When Ukraine declared itself independent after the collapse of Russia, it was not necessary to hold a general election, which was practically impossible during the ensuing confusion, in order to choose a Ukrainian people's parliament. Such a body was easily formed by delegates from the coöperatives. Incidents like these must be borne in mind by any statesman or business man who concerns himself with conditions in Eastern Europe. It is quite within the realms of possibility that were the Bolshevist rulers to be driven out of Moscow,

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something would occur there very similar to what happened in the Ukraine. Peasant coöperative society delegates would simply seat themselves in the chairs vacated by Lenin, Trotzky, and their fellow commissioners, and go on ruling what has been hitherto soviet Russia, summoning as soon as possible a congress of the Russian coöperatives as the first Post-Bolshevist Russian parliament.

I do not mean to prophesy that this is just what may happen; but it is a guiding idea pointing out with sufficient accuracy for all present purposes the line of development which political evolution in Russia will very possibly pursue, and through which the country may emerge from its present utter political and economic anarchy. We should not fancy that when the coöperative organizations take over the heritage of the Bolsheviki, order will miraculously return to Russia at once, and production go on as formerly; or that commerce with the rest of Europe will be resumed on an important scale. The whole economic structure has been ruined, and Russia will remain poor for a long period to come. On the other hand, a much more promising situation exists in the Ukraine, whose fertile black soil is a mine of inexhaustible wealth and whose mineral resources are also abundant. That is a reason why the people of the Ukraine are not inclined to ally themselves with impoverished Russia, lest their own strength may be drawn away to revive that land's impoverished forces. Such a project exists only in the fancy of Great Russian Bolsheviki, Great Russian emigrants, and ill-informed politicians in foreign countries. The moment Bolshevism is overthrown in Moscow, Ukraine will again become free and independent. The Ukraine coöperatives will at once form a good working organization for trading with other countries. If Germany is so disposed, it can draw great advantages from this fact. As soon as the Russian coöperatives take over the task dropped by the Bolsheviki, their first act will be to create a Russian peasant republic which will start about rebuilding the country, perhaps in a very primitive way, but will make steady progress toward that goal. It is possible that some remnants of the ruined Semstvos will join with the peasants in this task. But that will be only so far as former Semstvos members have remained in Russia. The whole emigrant horde, on the other hand, will 'get a quick kick' back over the border, as soon as it presents itself with its claim for a restoration of its former privileges and property in the Russia of the future.

[*Heraldo de Madrid* (Liberal Daily), *February 11*]

MALADY NUMBER NINE

BY CARLOS DE BATLLE

For several months past, the daily press in Paris has reported with a regularity, a brevity, and a vagueness truly alarming, cases of 'Malady Number Nine.' And this illness, which appears and disappears from our great dailies like an object in the hands of a prestidigitator, which dodges about from neighborhood to neighborhood and from one quarter of the city to the other, and which bestows the touch of death impartially on all — is absolutely unknown to a majority of the people, who are in complete ignorance of its symptoms and manifestations.

Some say that it resembles the bubonic plague. Others insist that this fatal disease is propagated by a creeping contagion, the nature of which is not yet well determined. Some people will assure you with the utmost conviction that the vehicle by which the

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mysterious but already famous disease is conveyed, is a little parasite which, when once settled on its victim, proves impossible to dislodge.

The same uncertainties and doubts and contradictory reports are current regarding the symptoms and history of the disease, as regarding the manner in which it is communicated.

There have been times when the short newspaper paragraphs dealing with the new malady, paragraphs which never have exceeded ten lines in length, would suggest that the best preventive and possible cure is to follow an ultra-Spartan regimen in regard to diet. At other times, the preponderant opinion seems to be that the infection has been brought to Paris by foreign pleasure seekers, who have flocked to the gay capital from all parts of the world; and it is urged that such visitors should be subjected to a strict quarantine. There are still others who either do not comprehend or utterly reject these contradictory, 'scientific' explanations, and regard this new malady which threatens us, and in which interest is constantly revived by some new, alarming episode, as a mysterious visitation of Providence, for which we must seek some ethical explanation.

But explain it as you like, and describe it as you like, the fact remains that in Paris everyone is talking with real or affected terror of 'Malady Number Nine,' without anyone knowing certainly what that malady is, what its symptoms are, and what measures should be taken to combat it. And as is perfectly natural under such conditions, the people have with laudable unanimity adopted the heroic resolve to pay no attention to it.

Notwithstanding all this, when I chanced the other day to stumble upon a distinguished medical acquaintance of mine, while sauntering along one of the beautiful and solitary walks in the park at Versailles—a gentleman whom I had not seen for several years—I seized the occasion which Providence seemed to have granted me to inquire into this mystery. I started out as if I were indifferent to the subject, and approached the topic little by little in a roundabout way, in order that I might not alarm the professional reserve of my acquaintance.

'Malady Number Nine?' my medical friend repeated, wrinkling his eyebrows and whirling his heavy cane in the air in a rather intimidating way. 'Don't you know that this malady, considered as a specific malady, does not exist and never has existed? "Malady Number Nine" is merely an imaginary disease, an hallucination which is a perfectly natural product of these times.

'It is certain and obvious that if the human race, or better said, a great majority of the human race, does not change its method of living, it will be impossible for us to survive on this planet. Life on our globe will become impossible, because the atmosphere is filled with poisons engendering varied pathological conditions, the cumulative effect of which has resulted in the appearance of a disease which, in default of a more descriptive name, has been called "Malady Number Nine." We discover, associated with this disease, the bacteria of falsehood, dissipation, shamelessness, and greed, with five other pernicious microbes which we have not been able to isolate and classify with precision, but which bear a strong resemblance to hypocrisy, sharp dealing, laziness, tyranny, and aggression. The accumulative effect of these germs and microbes is now designated by the name we have just mentioned. . . .'

As my friend, the doctor, proceeded, he began to swing his arms as if they

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were wings of a windmill, and his heavy stick cut the air so that you could almost hear it hiss. Then suddenly, calming himself and leaning against the pedestal of a statue of Diana, he continued, lowering his voice:

'Any man with eyes in his head can see that we are entering a period of horrifying decadence. The great war which for brief periods, especially in its early stages, seemed to be a purifying element, became on account of its duration a malignant source of deadly corruption. After several centuries of uninterrupted progress in civilization, we have been precipitated in the short space of five years into a condition hardly above that of the brutes. Even those who previously possessed the highest moral character, who were truly good, have been contaminated. To-day, the average man thinks only of acquiring wealth, no matter by what means, and of spending it ostentatiously, with the least possible personal effort. Lying has become the art of governments, and our rulers and leaders have lied until the common people no longer believe in anything. Those noble phrases and lofty ideals which formerly swayed the masses and caused them to exert themselves to the utmost for five years and to perform great feats of heroism, to-day have become a common laughing stock. Were you now to appeal to mankind for new sacrifices, the people would merely shrug their shoulders in disdain. Love of material pleasure has seized the whole world, the people are abandoning the country to herd in great cities. There they live under physical conditions which are constantly growing worse, in an atmosphere pervaded with poison which unless God works a miracle, will produce terrible results. Malady Number Nine! . . . That disease, bear in mind and don't forget it, is in substance a preliminary disease, a disease preceding another — which will be. . . .'

My friend, the doctor, here emitted a frightfully savage yell, a yell which he evidently wished to suggest the explosion of bombs, the roar and crackling of great conflagrations, the rattling of rifles and machine guns,— and clearing half the width of the roadway at a single bound, he disappeared down a by-path running at full speed.

The next day, I chanced to learn that my friend, the physician, had recently been confined in a sanitarium. They tell me he imagines himself a prophet and predicts calmly and reasonably enough a violent social revolution and the imminence of a fearful epidemic which will ravage the whole world and which he calls 'Malady Number Ten.'

This news, that he was mentally affected, did not surprise me, of course; for I had divined something of the kind during our conversation in the park of Versailles.

Thinking over the incident later, however, I have had moments of doubt, recalling that ancient proverb: 'Out of the mouths of children and fools. . . .'

However, why should we trouble ourselves now about 'Malady Number Ten,' when science has not yet discovered with certainty the nature of 'Malady Number Nine?'

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

FROM THE CAPITALS

Notes from Paris

RACHEL is regarded as the greatest of French tragedians — and she was a Swiss. The centenary of this remarkable woman, who by her personal talent revived the classic drama in France, was duly celebrated at the Comédie-Française this week. In reality, the date of her birth is unknown. Never, I believe, has Rachel had a satisfactory biographer. There are, of course, plenty of undigested documents, and there are hundreds of anecdotes, and the usual revelations of femmes de chambre. Not until 1840 was the following document, which serves as birth certificate, drawn up: 'The undersigned, Mayor and inhabitants of Mumpf, recall in the most positive manner and declare, that in the year 1821, toward the end of the month of February, a woman, still young, belonging to the Israelite religion, arrived at the Auberge du Soleil and there remained about fifteen days. She lived in room number thirteen, on the upper story. She was served by a woman, an Israelite like her, whom she had brought with her, and some days after (probably February 28) she was accouchée by the sage-femme, Theresa Toni, of the same village, and gave birth to a daughter. The expenses of nourishment, of lodgement, and of service were, moreover, paid at once.' Her sisters sang, and sold oranges in the cafés of Lyons. Coming to Paris in 1833, Rachel learned, in two years, more than thirty-four different rôles. At the Conservatoire she was treated with disdain, but after an unhappy beginning, she entered the Comédie-Française in 1838, playing in *Horace* and *Phedre*, and a glorious career opened. Alas! she was exploited by her family, who, in the race for riches, allowed her no respite. She is buried in the cemetery of Père-Lachaise.

Americana at Oxford

A SMALL but interesting exhibition of rare Americana has been arranged in a glass case, in the picture gallery at the Bodleian, Oxford, and will probably remain on view during the next few months. It indicates Bodley's richness in this respect, and a better display would have been set out had there been more room.

Perhaps the most attractive rarity of all is the beautiful copy of Eliot's *Indian Bible*, 1661–63, of which a copy was sold for £550 at Messrs. Sotheby's in January. The Bodleian possesses two copies. The one exhibited appears to be one of the 20 sent to England as presents, for it has the dedication to Charles II. But it is of the highest personal interest, for it was presented by the authorities of Harvard College to 'the Right Worshipful Raufe Freke, Esqr., a noble benefactor to the above said college, 1667.' Freke presented it to Bodley's Library on June 8, 1668.

Much rarer than the *Indian Bible* is the *Whole Book of Psalms*, Cambridge, Mass., 1640, the famous *Bay Psalm Book*, and, of the 10 copies known, the Bodleian is the only one outside the United States. The Brinley copy sold for $1200 (£240) as far back as 1879. Bodley's copy is not among the other

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Americana, but is exhibited in a case in the library itself. Of especial interest also is *A Short Dictionary of the Indian Language used within the Chessiopiock Bay* (which forms part of a Bodleian manuscript of Strachey's *History of Virginia*). R. Cushman's *Sermon preached at Plimouth in New England December 9, 1621*, London, 1622, is noteworthy as the first sermon preached in North America to be printed. Contemporary with this is G. Mouart's *Relation or Journall . . . of the English Plantation settled at Plimouth*, London, 1622, of which a somewhat torn copy was sold for $700 (£140). Earlier than any of these in point of date is Hariot's *Briefe and true report of the Newfound Land of Virginia*, Frankfort, 1590, with de Bry's fine engraving.

'Main Street' Through English Eyes

[From the *Observer*]

It is not a flattering or an heroic picture, but neither is it sordid. It is just a picture of a dull and self-satisfied small community, whose sins were not striking, and whose manners were bad. We could produce such small-town sets here, but we have, perhaps, rather less — call it vivacity — in commenting on the stranger and in asserting our own excellence. Carol, the city girl who married Dr. Will Kennicott, of Gopher Prairie, has no startling experiences. Hardly ever in fiction has there been a fuller or more candidly ordinary history than hers, as told by Sinclair Lewis. And it is rather long. And much of the language and manners are strange enough to give English readers an alien feeling. So much for the book's drawbacks.

Its virtues overpower them. There is no curious or brilliant psychology,— no form or sense of selection. (It seems as though we were still dwelling on faults.) But there is an extraordinarily vigorous and vivid observation and a power of presenting persons whom we recognize as real, and know just as well as we know our neighbors,— which is certainly not psychologically. And we stand aghast before the lifelikeness of their conversation. 'Oh, do you really think so? Lots of folks jolly me for trying to get up shows and so on. Just yesterday I was saying to Harry Haydock, if he would read poetry like Longfellow, or if he would join the band — I get so much pleasure out of playing the cornet— and our band leader, Del Snafflin, is such a good musician, he could play the clarinet in Minneapolis, or New York, or anywhere.'

Carol had had ideals of improving this town — its hideous main street and its self-satisfaction, its parties, where everyone sat in a circle and did 'stunts' (during the winter Carol was to hear Dave Dyer's hen-catching impersonation seven times, 'An Old Sweetheart of Mine' nine times, the Jewish story of the funeral oration twice), its clothes, and its manners, and its menus. But Main Street, Gopher Prairie, says the author's Foreword, is 'a continuation of Main Streets everywhere. The story would be the same in Ohio or Montana, in Kansas, or Kentucky, or Illinois. Main Street is the climax of civilization. What Ole Jenson, the grocer, says to Ezra Stowbody, the banker, is the new law for London, Prague, and the unprofitable isles of the sea; whatsoever Ezra does not know and sanction, that thing is heresy, worthless for knowing, and wicked to consider.'

It was all those Main Streets that Carol was up against. America, perhaps, has at least a willingness to allow its native born to point out its faults. Certainly, Gopher Prairie must shuffle its feet, restlessly, if it reads 'Main Street.' Or perhaps it would ignore the heresy? At any rate, Carol's conflict

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with it is immensely exhilarating to read about. The novel is one of sane humor and shrewd strokes, and its avoidance of the heroic, its use of ordinary motives, and weaknesses, and decencies, are the measure of its quality.

More Fairy Photographs

[From the *Times*]

So much has been heard of the Yorkshire fairies, and so little has been seen of them, that it was not surprising that the display of their portraits in a hall in London should draw an eager and even an excited audience. The pictures of the 'little people' were shown yesterday with the aid of a magic lantern — surely in this case an instrument well named — in the hall of the Theosophical Society at 153 Brompton Road, S.W.3. Mr. E. L. Gardner, himself a firm believer, after long investigation, in the reality of fairies and in the genuineness of these photographs of them, gave a short lecture while the pictures were shown. In the spring, an attempt is to be made to film the fairies and so establish, once and for ever, the hard fact of their existence and visibility. The first photographs shown were taken in 1917, and Mr. Gardner said that the father — Mr. Carpenter — of the children who saw the fairies and photographed them was so astonished, when developing the plates, by what he saw on them that he left them in the dark room for eighteen months. But yesterday, a large audience was able to share in his astonishment. They saw a picture of a gnome hopping on to the knee of a young girl who was sitting on the grass in a Yorkshire dell. The child told Mr. Gardner that the gnome wore black tights and a red jacket; he also had a scarlet cap and had wings like a moth's. In his left hand he carried a pair of Pan's pipes. All this was shown clearly enough on the screen; and a photograph of the winged gnome many times enlarged from the original was also exhibited. Inquirers had wanted to know the source and texture of fairy clothing. The lecturer said it was of the substance of themselves.

Later on, one saw a ring of fairies gambolling on a grassy bank where one of the children knelt to watch them. One incredulous spectator dug into his memory and recalled such a band dancing on a poster round a night light. Another fairy, photographed alone, had excellently bobbed hair and wore a dark gown of stylish cut.

In a further picture there was shown a band of 'little people' playing among flowers. This was a photograph taken last August especially for Mr. Gardner. One of the fairies was half hidden in a cocoon, which the lecturer explained was a sort of health-giving bath used by them after bad weather. Witnesses in Scotland, and the New Forest had testified to seeing the same sight. Mr. Gardner declared that the plates from which the slides were made had been submitted to every test to detect fraud. None had been discovered.

But what are fairies? The actual clear perception of them is claimed to be possible only to people with clairvoyant sight. They can be photographed only if they become, with clairvoyant aid, partially materialized. Their duties are concerned with the color, growth, and shape of flowers. They have a definite task in the scheme of nature, and are subject to evolution. They live on a very humble level, and are about as intelligent as a Newfoundland dog. The matter composing a fairy's body is plastic to thought. Currents of human thought give fairies the form in which they are seen by the clairvoyant.

That is the definition, in brief, of Mr. A. P. Sinnett, who presided at the lecture. If it satisfies adults, will it not bitterly disappoint children?

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Mr. George Moore

Heloise and Abelard, privately printed in two volumes, and costing sixty-three shillings, has just been issued by Mr. George Moore.

CONSIDERABLE attention is being paid to the revelations of Marguerite Volf, who predicts that France will have a king in fifteen years, and that the Divinity will appear in France. M. Clemenceau is a reincarnation of Robespierre, and M. Millerand of Louis XIV. M. Maurice Barrès was once Danton. Debussy was not only Mozart, but also Michael-Angelo and Peter the Great. Paul Adam, the fine French writer who recently died, was, in a former life, Socrates. Regularly, Mlle. Volf summons to her the great men of history — presumably those who are not reincarnated — such as Pindar, Homer, and Plutarch. She is compelled to spend twelve thousand francs a year for candles and incense, in order to preserve the right vibratory atmosphere which makes possible these revelations. *Sans commentaire.*

Anecdote for the Day

SIR HENRY LAYARD had a short way with omniscient youths, who gushed over Cimabue, Giotto, Daniele da Volterra. 'Do you seriously think,' he would ask with his rasping drawl, 'that any of them can compare with Mortadella da Bologna?' Some would fall into the trap and discourse on the chiaroscuro of that great artist; others, more honest, would invite scorn by confessing ignorance of his work. It was only when they reached home that they discovered that 'mortadella' was a sausage.

Old Cat Care, Outside the Cottage

By Richard Hughes

GREEN-EYED Care
May prowl and glare
And poke his snub, be-whiskered nose:
But Door fits tight
Against the Night:
Through criss-cross cracks no evil goes.

Window is small:
No room at all
For Worry and Money, his shoulder-bones:
Chimney is wide,
But Smoke's inside,
And happy Smoke would strangle his moans.

Be-whiskered Care
May prowl out there:
But I never heard
He caught the Blue Bird.

The Blue Guides

READERS of this magazine who intend to visit Europe this summer will find available for their use a new series of International Guide Books known as the *Blue Guides*. They are printed in England, and have been prepared by Dr. Muirhead, who was long the editor of the English *Baedekers*. Skilfully planned, up to date, and accurate, the *Blue Guides* are more than a help; they are a necessity to the intelligent tourist.

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[*The Spectator*]

THE A B C OF PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

BY E. W.

I

A GREAT many people are just now discussing psycho-analysis at a disadvantage. Most of the books and even the articles written about this subject pass, the reader will notice, straight to a discussion of some such question as 'Should the Psycho-Analyst tell?' 'Is psycho-analysis to be admitted to our public schools?' 'Domestic peace and psycho-analysis.' Such books and articles, in the absence of any definition of psycho-analysis, or of the technical words employed, leave the reader with, at best, a vague sense of edification from having been a witness of profound discussion between better-informed persons. At worst, he begins to suspect the writers of not being quite as scientifically minded as they would have us believe. The two following articles—by a beginner for beginners—are for those who want to read, and still more to discuss, psycho-analysis, but who are, in the first place, not sure if the whole subject is not slightly morbid, and who, in the second place, do not know where to begin.

First of all, what is meant by the word psycho-analysis? The definition of a word should be a report on the facts. The word seems, at present, to be generally loosely used to signify the application of ordinary scientific methods to mental phenomena. After the Dark Ages, people ceased, once more, to think of ordinary mental experience or mental disease as the work of inscrutable supernatural creatures, demons, incubi, witches, or, on the other hand, angels and guardian spirits. They then began to wonder what were the causes of the more striking mental oddities such as genius, madness, dreams, prophecies, or even such things as æsthetic pleasures.

Physiologists were the first to take up the work of inquiry from a scientific point of view, and it was hoped that phrenology would result, at least, in the cure of many forms of madness. But the study of bumps and even of brain-cells proved very disappointing, and men of science have now started along another line of inquiry. They have begun, like the poet and the novelist, to ask what are the 'fantastic tricks' which men play before high heaven. The psycho-analyst takes conduct as his data. He regards the facts and circumstances of the hallucination, or the loss of memory, or of the ability to repeat *Paradise Lost* at first reading as the facts to be studied. He does not measure the patient's head or feel his bumps. And here we must make a further explanation. It is sometimes assumed that psycho-analysis is only concerned with the abnormal. Why has this idea arisen? In the first place, 'They that are whole need not a physician.' Again, when we want to study a piece of matter, we put it under a microscope to make it seem larger. When we are studying states of mind, it is often convenient, allowing for probable distortions, to consider cases in which ordinary mental processes are exaggerated, or simplified. It is for this reason

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that cases of hysterical or shell-shocked patients are nearly always cited in books on psycho-analysis to illustrate an argument, and not because the science is ultimately concerned most with them.

Psycho-analysts, then, are applying the ordinary methods of science to the facts of behavior. First, that is, they are observing and recording facts of conduct in both normal and abnormal people. Secondly, they are trying to discover which, among these phenomena, are related to one another, and to group them accordingly;—thirdly, to devise a hypothesis to explain as many as possible of the facts that have been found out, and by means of which further facts (that for some reason cannot be demonstrated) can be inferred. Here, again, we find a stumbling-block for the non-scientist. We laymen demand far too much from a scientific hypothesis. We can put up with the complete obvious fiction of the equator, but we distrust such equivocal things as ether waves or inhibitions which may or may not exist, but the *assumption* of whose existence is practically so useful to the scientist.

But, if we can tell a mineralogist or an entomologist that certain broad conclusions reached by means of psycho-analysis range a great number of apparently isolated facts into a coherent whole; further, that with our hypothesis we can build syllogisms which generally prove to correspond to, as yet, unknown facts, he will be satisfied. And all this we can say of the initial steps which have been taken by psycho-analysis. When the layman wants to be sure that there is such a thing as a 'complex,' or a 'repression,' before he will allow it to be thought of, he is in reality confusing two groups of things — points of view and facts — demanding proofs of the first which can only be demanded of the second.

For convenience of dissection, then, psycho-analysts regard the personality as divided, primarily, into *consciousness* and *subconsciousness*. They give the name of subconsciousness to that part of the personality which is chiefly concerned with instinct. If the reader wishes to assure himself of the existence of this subconsciousness, let him try the following experiment, which will show him how easily his own conscious mind may be cheated. Take a piece of paper, draw a circle on it, then draw a cross within the circle. Mark the ends of the cross A, B and C, D, then take a long pencil, a piece of stick or a knitting needle and tie on to the end of it a piece of string about eighteen inches long. On the other end of the string tie some small, fairly heavy object — if possible something bright — a small glass lustre off a chandelier, a locket, or a small brass ornament will do very well. Sit down with the piece of paper in front of you on a table, hold the pencil as if it were a fishing-rod, and let the little bright object dangle over the centre of the cross. When he is in position, the experimenter, without making any particular mental effort, must let his eye travel from A to B and from B to A, meanwhile holding the rod quite still. After about a minute, with most people, the little weight begins to swing from A to B and back again. When he is satisfied of this, if the experimenter lets his eye follow the line C, D, the little plumb-line will be found also to change its direction; again, if he let his eye travel round the circle it will follow the direction of his eyes again.

There is, of course, nothing occult in the whole affair, but it is a rather striking proof of the way in which a perfectly normal, honest, well-intentioned person can be made to cheat by his subconsciousness, for the experimenter will be ready to swear that he

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did not move his arm. It must here be noted, by the way, that occasionally, with exceptional people, the little plumb-line will swing in the opposite direction to that followed by the eyes, but this is only a slightly more complicated manifestation of the same phenomenon. Having satisfied ourselves of its reality, let us return to discussion of the subconsciousness. We are, for instance, very often not in the least aware that some action of ours springs from a primitive instinct like the instinct of self-preservation, of vanity, which psychologists know as 'the self-regarding instinct,' of hunger, or of sex instinct.

But psycho-analysts have already proved fairly conclusively that a great many actions for which we can afterwards give perfectly rational explanations are in reality prompted by these instincts. The reasons we give for them are thought of afterwards, and represent what is called *rationalization* — that is to say, the process of doing a thing and explaining it afterwards.

Freud, the great Viennese pioneer of psycho-analysis, refers back nearly all such instinctive actions to sex impulse, but Jung, the Swiss professor, and most of the French and English research workers disagree with him in this respect. It is, of course, possible, as they point out, to say that when a man instinctively tries to prevent himself from falling over a precipice he is actuated by sex impulse — the desire to continue the race. It is also possible to say that a mother's instinctive passionate protection of her child is sex instinct; but if such cases as these are attributed to sex impulse, the expression loses all the special sense in which we usually understand it. It is much simpler to say in such cases that the man and woman are actuated by the instinct of self-preservation and maternal instinct.

The subconscious is then, roughly speaking, the primitive part of our nature, and in the ordinary civilized being the primitive part, though retaining its strong desire for the self-expression of action, stands, as it were, in fear of the conscious mind which controls it and which can sometimes be a very stern master. The subconsciousness is very often obliged to disguise its manifestations, for they are frequently such as the moral, or it may be, over-sophisticated conscious mind would by no means approve. For instance, in the books on shell-shock published during the war we see cases cited in which a soldier was found to be suffering from, say, a watering of his right eye, or a tremor of one of his arms, or fingers which effectually prevented his using a rifle. When, by some means or other, these afflictions were cured, he would be found to have become deaf, or to suffer from fits of vomiting, or some such trouble. When such cases were treated by a psychologist, one of his first steps was, generally, to try to discover the nature of the patient's dreams.

A case of this sort was reported from a hospital at Malta, where it was found that the soldier dreamed nearly every night, with every conceivable elaboration of setting and story, dreams in which he figured as a Chinaman. Afterwards he dreamed stories in which he was a priest in some temple. The psycho-analyst diagnosed this state of things as a conflict between his conscious and subconscious mind. The conscious mind was quite courageous and accepted as a matter of course that he should 'do his bit' in the war. Not so the subconscious. The subconscious, being in fear of the censorship of the conscious, did not dare, as it were, to express its primitive abhorrence of danger quite directly; instead, it managed to get partial control of the

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body, so as to produce the so-called functional symptoms, and of the mind, at night, in such a way as to hint to the top consciousness that he was really in a position which made it unnecessary for him to run into danger. In the stories it told him at night, he was invariably a Chinese mandarin or a priest, persons who would be exempt from going to war. These dreams might also have, the physician thought, a further significance. They were intended to hint, as a sort of concealed *double entendre*, that the man was really a woman, for in both cases the long dresses were particularly clearly visualized and insisted upon. When the psycho-analyst informed the patient of what he believed was at the bottom of his trouble, the man was extremely worried and much hurt, because he feared the doctor took him for a coward, and thereafter, being on his guard, was able more effectively to censor the troublesome subconscious.

It was, as the reader will have perceived, just because the man was not a coward that the conflict arose. Had his consciousness been as determined as his subconsciousness to get out of the war, he would almost certainly have been able, by hook or by crook, to find some work which kept him well out of danger. There were many jobs, at the base or as a cook, which provided a refuge for the man who 'knew his own mind'— a pregnant popular phrase, by the by. In the case of the shell-shocked soldier which we have outlined, we have also a good example of the very simple curative methods often — or is it not too much to say nearly always? — employed by the psycho-analysts.

Apparently, once the machinations of the subconscious are brought to light, we can generally deal with them ourselves. It is only when the plots of that Machiavelli are concealed from us that he can harm us. Once the gaff is blown, we are masters again in our own house. In the case of children, especially, a great deal can also be done to educate the primitive subconsciousness and to make its desires less Neolithic. This is one of the functions of pedagogics and psycho-analysis in alliance.

II

One way in which the subconscious works, a way with which we are probably all quite familiar, is in making the main personality forget something which the primitive dislikes, or is bored by.

We may be quite sincere in our wish to fulfil some rather tedious engagement — it may perhaps from a business point of view be necessary that we should — or we may honestly be determined to do so from altruistic reasons, but the subconsciousness is not, as a rule, altruistic and does not look very far ahead, and that is just the sort of engagement that it manages to make us forget. For it would appear that memory is one of the functions which are, to a great extent, confided to the care of the subconsciousness. These tricks of forgetting are spoken of as *Inhibitions*. We may also, sometimes, have, as it were, conscious inhibitions performing other particular acts. We can, probably, most of us, think of particular objects or particular people for whom we have an apparently perfectly unreasonable dislike:

> I do not like thee, Dr. Fell;
> The reason why I cannot tell,
> But this I know and know full well,
> I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.

There was almost certainly a reason for the poet's dislike. Something in the tone of the worthy man's voice, something in the way he put on his hat or wore his hair, recalled some unpleasant incident, an incident almost certainly discreditable, not to Dr. Fell or even to doctors in general, but to the poet.

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We notoriously, for instance, hate people to whom we have behaved badly or, still worse, shabbily. In the case of Dr. Fell the poet's subconsciousness refused even to remember the reason for his dislike.

When we think constantly about any subject and the memory of it is stored in our subconsciousness, it almost invariably comes to acquire in time, from this contact with the primitive, a tinge of emotional color. It is, as those who are given to a certain amount of introspection know, exceedingly difficult to be perfectly fair and disinterested about anything — science, art, or politics — our thoughts and actions being to an extraordinary extent governed by what psycho-analysts call 'complexes.'

Devotion to private theatricals or to Chloe is each a 'complex.' 'A' sees every drawing room, college hall, or lecture room in terms of footlights, curtain, and of exits and entrances. This is a simple, unrepressed complex. 'B' sees winter twigs against the sky as tendrils of black hair. The November thrush is not so musical as Chloe's voice. He will recognize the most momentary glimpse of a white shoulder across the most crowded ballroom. Room, thrush, and twig are all seen in the light of his 'Chloe-complex.' His 'selective attention' is exerted in such a way that he notices her every movement. But let us suppose Chloe is another's, or she scorns him irrevocably. Anyhow, poor 'B,' like the shell-shocked soldier, is now the victim of a 'conflict.' His reason is perfectly convinced that his passion is fruitless, and he has got to try to forget Chloe. Being a person of some strength of character, he apparently does forget. He represses the Chloe-complex completely — even forgets her married name, but for a long time he dreams of her, and speaks her name once, years after, when he is going off under an anæsthetic; and though he can't tell you why, to this day he hates thrushes in the autumn and bare winter trees. 'B' cheated his conscious mind into forgetting her name, but the name was too vividly impressed on the subconsciousness to be erased. When partial anæsthesia put his consciousness out of action, his subconsciousness, now *Dissociated*, was able to bring out into audible speech what was at the back of his mind. His dislike of twig and bird song seemed to him causeless, but were partly associative, partly symbolic.

But let us, as further illustration of the working of psycho-analysis, consider the case of 'The Thane of Cawdor' and his wife. This pair had committed several murders under circumstances of particular infamy. They were originally persons of strong moral instinct, and their actions under the 'self-regarding instinct' of ambition were in direct conflict with their ordinary habits of conduct. Great, then, as the horror of their deeds, was the intolerable misery of their remorse. No human being can live at the emotional pitch of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth as they stood outside Duncan's chamber, the daggers in their hands. The reader will recall the passage which ends with the words

> I had most need of blessing, but Amen
> Stuck in my throat.

Lady Macbeth divines to what their state will lead:

> These deeds must not be thought
> After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

They are torn by this conflict, which must somehow be resolved. They do this after their particular habits of mind — Lady Macbeth by means of a repression. She will not allow herself to think of their deed since she cannot palliate it to herself. It is to be pushed away.

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Things without all remedy should be without regard
What's done is done.

Macbeth tries another solution. He rationalizes and justifies the murder. Their deed is like a foreign body — the grain of sand in the oyster — and he surrounds and smothers it with a texture of argument which, though false, has a comforting familiarity. He can soothe himself by inapplicable truisms. We see the beginning of the process. He tells Lady Macbeth that they are themselves in danger, and danger justifies their actions. Theirs is the law of necessity.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace.

The sophistical rationalizing way out of the *impasse!* The 'fighting soul' had to find some way. Lady Macbeth, with her complete repression of the Duncan complex, appears to be successful. She sees no visions. And so it is in her waking self; but, denied all ordinary outlet, the flood of horror seizes her when her iron will can no longer censor it. It is shut out from the main stream of her consciousness, but runs in a dissociated channel alongside, and finds an outlet in action directly the repression of her will is removed.

Since His Majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterward seal it, and again return to bed; yet, all this while, in a most fast sleep.

A letter had been, the reader of course recalls, the first vehicle of bloody thoughts to her mind. Her actions, when she comes on to the stage with her lighted taper, are exactly what we should expect.

* DOCTOR: What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

GENTLEWOMAN: It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

A common example of obsession in the repression of a painful complex is 'washing mania.' This is found where some morally objectionable habit arouses remorse in the patient. The personality reacts to the complex, which it regards as morally unclean, by the symbolic assumption of an exaggerated cleanliness.

Allied with the symbolism of the washing, Lady Macbeth's dissociated personality lives over the scene in which the conflict first tore her mind. She wonders that the old man could have so much blood in him. For Shakespeare, perhaps in an attempt to 'rationalize' an observed phenomenon for which he could not account, had seen to it that her defilement should also be physical. In the last act 'thick coming fancies' beset her more and more strongly. Her normal moments are growing fewer. The dissociated Duncan complex is becoming paramount, and Shakespeare chooses physical death for her, rather than the alternative of madness. Macbeth has been much more successful, but we are allowed to see that even his rationalization has not quite successfully deceived him. Incidentally, his character has become a scarred battlefield marred by passion. He is the complete neurasthenic with his 'The devil damn thee black, thou whey faced loon,' and the rest of his name-calling, when he will not stand still to have his armour buckled on. Macduff's sword, probably, only anticipates a death by suicide, or from the exhaustion of passion.

But, the reader may object, you seem to be only proving that Shakespeare knew all about psycho-analysis. How, then, is it a new and hopeful

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science? The answer is, of course, that Shakespeare had performed only the first process in our original list (in the first article) of the functions of scientific inquiry. He had only observed with astonishing accuracy and recorded with genius.

But he lamented eloquently, almost wistfully, the fact that neither of the further steps had been taken, steps whose ultimate end was not alone knowledge, but also the relief of human suffering.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck out of the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with a sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

And if, not being doctors, we hold that Lady Macbeth deserves no quarter, it is easy to imagine, or recall instances where some such terrible tearing-in-half of a soul has been the result not of the victim's actions, but of wholly outside events. Examples range from a soldier shell-shocked, or a girl ravished in the war, back to Œdipus Rex, of whom the gods made a mock.

[*The Athenæum*]

THE WINDMILL

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

I

At a fateful moment Neddy Blades, cowman of Westgate, fell in with Ann Purchase. She met him at the corner of Compton village, where the Wesleyan chapel stands, with a laburnum on one side of the gate and a 'Seven Sisters' rose on the other.

Blades was a sandy-headed, obstinate man — a flaxen Saxon with a stout jaw, red skin and blue eyes. He had courted Ann for a year: — one among five others who were doing the like. In fact, all the wife-old men at Compton wanted Ann; but she had a wise mother, who knew that beauty, sense and a love of laughter were gifts that might bring Ann something better than the cowman at Westgate, or even the horseman at Westgate — for he was among the five pursuers. The remaining three included the postman, the shoesmith's son and a gamekeeper. Now, Neddy heard an amazing thing and found Ann in a mood that he was not wont to waken.

She was a bowerly piece — slim, tall, black-haired, with a clear, brown complexion. She had a mouth with a sense of humor — loveliest thing in a woman — and large eyes as gray as the mist. But there was nothing of the sleepy sensual in them: they were bright, clear and apprehensive.

Neddy asked her to go for a walk on the following Sunday, and she refused, as he expected, yet graciously. She was happy and a little flushed. Though not an observant man, he could not but mark it.

'What's the luck?' he asked. 'Have 'e found sixpence?'

'A shilling, I shouldn't wonder,' she answered, and he began making love.

'Why the hell can't you take me and be done with it?' he asked. ''Tis no good wriggling and twisting. You'll come to the Windmill with me yet, if I'm anybody.'

The Windmill was a classic tryst for Compton folk. Its ruined stump stood on the summit of a knoll that billowed above the combe — lonely as hilltops are wont to be. Here this empty cone still stood — a shell from which all was gone but the broken eye-holes — a hollow ghost crowned with hawkweed and blue jasione, standing upon a field which obeyed rotation of crops, and now ran brown gold of corn about the ruin, now spread the emerald of mangel there, or glaucous green of swede.

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Within it, on the old plaster, were scratched or pencilled initials of generations, set close together in pairs. Sometimes a scroll surrounded them, and a flourish had been awakened by a young man's triumph; but, for the most part, the betrothed obeyed ancient custom baldly, and the combined letters of their names recorded the beginning of a life's union, without any addition from art. Businesslike men added the date; while, here and there, some bruised spirit had been at the trouble to climb again and cross out the record, with two harsh strokes of knife or pencil. To be asked 'to walk to the Windmill' was a confession of love from man to woman; and that a woman should invite any man to take her there seemed a step not consonant with maiden modesty. Yet, now, this unparalleled thing happened, and, to his undying amazement, Ann, of all coy and uncompromising girls, appointed the significant tryst for Neddy.

'All right,' she said. 'Meet me upalong at Windmill, half after five, Saturday.'

She was gone before he had time to still his astonishment. He stood and stared after her for ten minutes. A more modest man must have refused to believe his ears; but Neddy had long accounted himself as out of the common, and supposed that this was Ann's subtle way of indicating she thought the same.

And, meantime, the girl, homeward bound, met the second of those who adored her: John Turtle, the Westgate horseman. He was bringing a plough team back from a distant croft, and instantly slid off the heavy, gray mare he sat upon. John stood six feet three — a lean, long-faced man with a heart of gold and a brain of putty. He wore little brown whiskers and had a narrow, high forehead wrinkled with wonder at the puzzle of living. He was twenty-nine, a pearl of price to any master, and a man of religious convictions and highest principles. He loved obstinately and even hopefully, for he knew that the prayer of the righteous man is answered, soon or late, and he felt that by his manner of life he deserved Ann Purchase more than all the others put together.

'Be it in reason to ax you to come walking Sunday afternoon, Ann?' he inquired. ''Tis a longful time since ——'

'Not Sunday, John. But this I'll do: I'll meet you at the Windmill half after five o' Saturday. Can you manage it?'

'The Windmill? "Manage it!" God's light, do 'e know what you be saying, Ann Purchase?'

Apparently, she did; but she only nodded and smiled and then was off, while John, his legs straddled in the road and his forehead heavy with wonder, stared after her. So long he stood that the great mare looked round and uttered a gentle snort of protest. Her work was done and she wanted her beans; for Jervis Willes of Westgate loved his plough horses and treated them generously. The foundations of the deep fell open in John's mind. He was frightened and he was also shocked.

'To think as her was so addicted to me and hid it all these months!' he murmured aloud. 'And when I've axed her to go there, her face said "no" a hundred times.'

He grew calmer as he returned home, but his mind was not built to take in such a proposition without jolting from the rut. He reflected so deeply what he should wear on Saturday at half after five, that he forgot the gray mare's beans. She ate her hay, and in her equine soul was a dim, dumb disappointment at something due, but withheld.

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II

ANN came first to the meeting-place, and she was happy on one side of her heart, doubtful on the other. The glory of a recent adventure had put her much above herself on the occasion of falling in first with Neddy and then with John. Out of a light heart, whose lightness in no wise depended on their good will and faithful affection, she had let humor run away with her; and now she perceived that the situation from their point of view must contain small matter for laughter. She sat on a stone outside the old Windmill, with her chin between her hands, watching for certain hats to loom up over the ridge that fell sharply away beneath her. The hill had been under wheat this year, but now it only bristled with stubble, that caught the gold from a westering sun in late October. Light brushed the arrish and set many a filament of gossamer glittering there; while far below, through the blue haze, an oriflamme of autumn was broken here and there in the bossy breast of an elm.

Ann found time to wonder whether the cap of the cowman or the horseman's wideawake would first bob over the great slope. 'Be it as 't will,' she thought, 'us must hope for the best.' She had done this steadfastly through all her brief years.

At half-past five, the hats appeared side by side, and the heads in them indicated, by violent gesticulations, a common anger. Neddy's bobbed fiercely and abruptly; John's swayed on his long and birdlike neck with deprecatory curves —'like a gypsy-rose in the corn,' thought Ann. Neddy wore his working clothes, as she expected; but Mr. Turtle had found time to put on a market suit with new russet leggings and a tie as yet unseen at Compton. It was of mustard yellow, with stars of livid purple scattered upon it.

They came beside her, together, heated and inflamed. Indeed, they ceased not to wrangle when they stood at her feet, and John appeared disposed to cry, while Neddy allowed himself foul language.

'When you've done slack-jawing, perhaps you'll behave,' said Ann, glad of the emotional strain, since it made her task the easier.

'What do this mean, Ann Purchase?' asked Neddy Blades, mopping his furious face.

'Here's a fearful come-along-of-it, Ann,' added John, 'for 't is contrary to nature you've bid us both — and — and — contrary to your nice ways you should have axed either for that matter. 'T was the man's part, not yourn.'

'We be both come, however,' declared Neddy, 'and so, perhaps, you'll be good enough to say which you wanted. And damn quick too. This here loose-bellied shadow says you called him, and I've told him he's a liar, you'd best to do the same.'

'Lie in your face!' answered John. 'I know plain English when I hear it, and be what I may, I ain't deaf.'

'Sit down,' commanded the girl. 'Sit down and calm down and don't be a pair of zanies. I think very well of you both, and 'twas to spare trouble and — and — and one thing and another I told 'e both to come here.'

'What's the good of both, you mad creature?' asked Neddy. 'You know very well what the Windmill means. How can I offer for you and say what's in my mind afore that monkey-faced fool? And well you know that if he done it afore me, I'd smash in his mouth.'

'Don't you fear,' retorted John warmly; 'I ain't going to speak to the woman till you be sent about your business, you coarse wretch.'

'Do listen,' begged Ann, but Neddy was in no mood to listen.

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'Speak, and answer,' he said. ''T is in a nutshell, I reckon, and I'll spare you any soft speeches, since you don't want no love-making, seemin'ly. Be you going to be my missis, or ban't you? If you be, then tell me to kick this slack-twisted item down the hill; and if you ban't, then why the blazing hell am I up here?'

The fates were kind to Ann. They led her out, and she answered cheerfully.

'I am going to be your missis, Ned. That's all right, my dear.'

'Then, Ann Purchase, perhaps you'll throw a light on what you said to me,' murmured John Turtle.

'And I'm going to be your missis too, John!'

Neddy exploded in a volume of blistering but pardonable expletive.

'How the — What the — Be there bats in your belfry, girl? Share me with that ——!'

'Do I hear you, Ann?' gasped Mr. Turtle. 'And a Christian land, and you a Christian woman!'

She jumped up.

'Come here, both of you,' she said, 'and I'll show 'e how 't is. I've told nought but the solemn truth, and I was going to break it different; but ——'

She hurried into the hollow cup of the Windmill and showed them, low down on a flake of the rotting plaster, new initials set firmly together in the conventional outline of a heart. The setting sunlight broke through a rift in the walls and burned upon them.

'Look!' she said, pointing; and their heads bent down while they panted upon each other's faces to read 'J. W. — A. P.' within the famous symbol.

'There!' she said. 'Now you know. We've been tokened four days, and shall be axed out, first time, Sunday week.'

'Master!' groaned John Turtle.

[*The Observer*]

MR. CHARLES CHAPLIN

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

Lately, my head being exceedingly bloody, but, I trust, unbowed, I went forth in share of comfort, and, by great good fortune, came upon a picture palace where a film featuring Mr. Charlie Chaplin was being exhibited. I hesitated on the threshold of the theatre for a few moments, dubious for the first time in my life of Mr. Chaplin's power to dispel my dismal humor. 'I may have to endure a succession of pictures in which young women with big eyes and baby faces and incredibly innocent looks are wooed by rough diamonds whose principal means of earning a livelihood seems to consist of leaping on and off the backs of surpassingly swift ponies — and find that Charlie Chaplin fails to solace me for the tedium they occasion!' I said to myself, as I loitered on the doorstep. I remembered the name of a man whose friendship I had firmly rejected because he could not discover any merit in Mr. Chaplin. I could not continue to know a person so deplorably lacking in taste and judgment as that. But now, in such a state of dubiety was I that I wondered whether, after all, he had not been in the right. *Perhaps Mr. Chaplin was not funny!* . . .

It was not until I had reminded myself of the diversity of opinion in the world that I was able to pull myself together and enter the picture palace. There are moments in which one foolishly believes that meritable things immediately receive recognition — at least from meritable persons. I actually wrote this sentence on one occasion: 'The mountains nod to each other over the heads of the little hills.' I had forgotten that Tolstoi allowed little merit to Shakespeare; that Dr. Johnson

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amazingly preferred Samuel Richardson to Henry Fielding; that Meredith most ineptly disparaged Dickens, and considered that *Pickwick Papers* was perishable stuff. (And now Meredith himself is under a cloud, but Dickens persists!) And in our own time, has not Mr. Chesterton belittled Mr. Hardy? Remembering these things, I took courage and resolved to trust in my own faith and judgment. I advanced boldly to the box office, paid money for a seat, and then entered the darkened auditorium.

I had remarkable luck. I took my seat just in time to see the beginning of a Chaplin film. Hardly had I sat down when that quaint, pathetic, wistful, self-dubious figure shuffled into the circle of light. He glanced about him in an uncertain fashion, twirled his cane twice, adjusted the position of his hat so that it became more unstable, twitched his features as if he were saying, 'Well, what's the good!' and then walked down the street with that air of engaging incompetence which is the characteristic of all great comedians. And while, enchanted, I watched him pursuing his adventurous career, I began to wonder what is the peculiar quality which has endeared this comic little man, who spent his early life somewhere in the neighborhood of the Walworth-road, to the whole world. Here am I, a dreary highbrow, who would go miles to see Charlie Chaplin on a film. There are you, who may be a low-brow or a no-brow-at-all, willing also to travel great distances for a similar purpose. What is the quality possessed by this Cockney in California which reconciles such incompatibles in the bonds of laughter?

I have a most vivid recollection of the first occasion on which I saw a Chaplin film. It was in France. A party of very tired and utterly depressed men came down one of those interminable, ugly straight roads that take the spirit out of travelers. They were moving down from the 'line' to 'rest billets' after an arduous spell in outposts.

The weather had been very hard and bitter, so that the ground was frozen like steel, and many of the men had sore feet and walked with difficulty. The roads were covered with snow that had turned to ice, and at frequent intervals a man would lose his balance and fall heavily to the ground with a great clatter of kit and rifle, and a sergeant or a corporal would curse without enthusiasm. Three times during that desolate journey the parties were shelled, once with gas. One heard the gas shells going over, making that queer splashing noise that gas shells make on their journeys, and wondered whether one would have enough desire for life left to induce one to put on a gas mask! . . . I remember the party losing its way in a road where the snow was soft and knee-deep, in a road where misery had settled down so deeply on the men that no one swore and there was a most terrible silence, broken only by the sound of a man crashing on to the ground as he slipped on frozen places or by the sighs and groans of utterly exhausted boys. And I remember one of them, a very cheery lad from Dublin, suddenly losing heart for the first time in my knowledge of him, and turning to me and saying, 'God Almighty's very hard on us, sir!'

In that state of dejection, tired and dirty and very verminous, with unshaven faces and eyes heavy with sleep and with a most horrible feeling that it did not matter who won the war, that lost party staggered into the rest billets at three o'clock in the morning and was told that at the end of the week, instead of the promised Divisional rest they would receive orders to return to the line!

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I recall now that following that night of exhaustion came the job of cleaning up, a morning of bathing and scraping and louse-hunting, and then, in the evening, after tea, with some recovery of cheerfulness, the men went off to the big barn in which the Divisional Concert Party gave its entertainments. There they sat, massed at the back of the barn, looking strangely childlike in the foggy interior, and listening without much demonstration to some songs. Their irresponsiveness was not due to inappreciation, but to something more terrible than individual fatigue — to an overwhelming collective fatigue, to a collective disgust, to the dreadful loathing of one's kind that comes from continuous association in congested quarters. And then the singing ended, and the lights were diminished, and the 'pictures' began. Into the circle of light thrown on the screen came the shuffling figure of Charlie Chaplin, and immediately the men forgot their misery and fatigue, and a great welcoming roar of laughter broke from them. That small, appealing, wistful, shuffling, nervous figure, smiling to disarm punishment, had only to show himself, and instantly a crowd of driven men forgot where they were and to what they were doomed and remembered only to laugh. That is an achievement which is very great.

But the mere statement of such a thing does not explain the peculiar quality of Charlie Chaplin. What is it in him that makes him distinct from all other men in his profession? I do not pretend to know what it is that separates him from other men, any more than I know what it was that made Shakespeare supreme and unique in his generation; but there are certain things about him which make him noticeably different from other film actors. He is almost the only one of his profession who can carry his personality through the camera. Marvelously he retains the third dimension on the screen, whereas others cannot muster more than two dimensions and sometimes fail even to muster one. When you look at other comedians on the film you are conscious of photographs of men, but when you look at Mr. Chaplin you are conscious only of a distinct human being. Like all great comedians whom I have seen,— for example, Dan Leno or James Welch,— he demands primarily, not your laughter, but your pity.

A great comedian is like a child in his attitude toward the world, entirely trusting, rather helpless and a cause of laughter, not so much by deliberation as by sheer inability to cope with a complicated world. All the fun made by Mr. Chaplin comes, not from attempts to be clever, but from failures to be as other people are. Bergson, in his book on *Laughter*, tells his readers that laughter is the result of something mechanical being imposed upon something living — an explanation that does not appear to me to be complete or satisfactory. I do not know whether Mr. Chaplin can make philosophical speculations, but I do know that by his conduct he can explain much that puzzles philosophers; and it seems to me at times that Mr. Bergson might profitably study Mr. Chaplin before he produces a revised edition of *Laughter*.

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE

BY GEORGE SANTAYANA

O solitudo, sola beatitudo, Saint Bernard said; but might he not have said just as well, *O societas, sola felicitas?* Just as truly, I think; because when a man says that the only happiness is this or that, he is like a lover saying that Mary Jane is the one woman in

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the world. She may be, truly, the one woman for him, though even that is not probable; but he cannot mean to assert that she is the only woman living or to deny that each of the others might be the one woman for someone.

Now, when a Hegelian philosopher, contradicting Saint Bernard, says that society is his be—all and end—all, that he himself is nothing but an invisible point at which relations cross, and that if you removed from him his connection with Hegel, with his university, his church, his wife, and his publishers, there would be nothing left, or at best a name and a peg to hang a gown on, far be it from me to revise his own analysis of his nature; society may be the only felicity and the only reality for him. But that cannot annul the judgment of Saint Bernard. He had a great mind and a great heart, and he knew society well; at least, he accepted the verdict which antiquity had passed on society, after a very long, brilliant, and hearty experience of it; and he knew the religious life and solitude as well; and I can't help thinking that he, too, must have been right in his self-knowledge, and that solitude must have been the only happiness for him.

Nevertheless, the matter is not limited to this confronting of divers honest judgments, or confessions of moral experience. The natures expressed in these judgments have a long history, and are on different levels; the one may be derived from the other. Thus, it is evident that the beatific solitude of Saint Bernard was filled with a kind of society; he devoted it to communion with the Trinity, or to composing fervent compliments to the Virgin Mary. It was only the society to be found in inns and hovels, in castles, sacristies, and refectories, that he thought it happiness to avoid. That the wilderness to which hermits flee must be peopled by their fancy, could have been foreseen by any observer of human nature. Tormenting demons or ministering angels must needs appear, because man is rooted in society, and his instincts are addressed to it; for the first nine months, or even years, of his existence he is a parasite; and scarcely are these parental bonds a little relaxed, when he instinctively forms other ties, that turn him into a husband and father, and keep him such all his days.

If ever he finds happiness in solitude, it can be only by lavishing on objects of his imagination the attentions which his social functions require that he should lavish on something. Without exercising these faculties somehow, his nature would be paralyzed; there would be no fuel to feed a spiritual flame. All Saint Bernard could mean, then, is that happiness lies in this substitution of an ideal for a natural society, in converse with thoughts rather than with things. Such a substitution is normal, and a mark of moral vigor; we must not be misled into comparing it with a love of dolls or of lap-dogs. Dolls are not impersonal, and lap-dogs are not ideas: they are only less rebellious specimens of the genus thing; they are more portable idols. To substitute the society of ideas for that of things is simply to live in the mind; it is to survey the world of existences in its truth and beauty rather than in its personal perspectives, or with practical urgency.

It is the sole path to happiness for the intellectual man, because the intellectual man cannot be satisfied with a world of perpetual change, defeat, and imperfection. It is the path trodden by ancient philosophers and modern saints or poets; not, of course, by modern writers on philosophy (except Spinoza), because these have not been philosophers in the vital sense; they have practised no spiritual discipline, suffered no change of heart, but lived on exactly like other professors, and

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exerted themselves to prove the existence of a God favorable to their own desires, instead of searching for the God that happens to exist. Certainly, this path, in its beginnings, is arduous, and leaves the natural man somewhat spare and haggard; he seems to himself to have fasted for forty days and forty nights. But he usually congratulates himself upon it in the end; and of those who persevere, some become saints, and some poets, and some philosophers.

Yet why, we may ask, should happiness be found exclusively in this ideal society where none intrudes? If the intellectual man cannot lay up his treasures in a world of change, the natural man can perfectly well satisfy his instincts within it; and why should n't the two live amicably together in a house of two storys? I can see no essential reason; but historically, natural society long ago proved a moral failure. It could not harmonize, or decently satisfy even the instincts on which it rests. Hence, the philosophers have felt bound not only to build themselves a superstructure, but to quit the ground floor — materially, if possible, by leading a monastic life, religiously, in any case, by not expecting to find much except weeping and wailing in this vale of tears. We may tax this despair with being premature, and call such a flight into an imaginary world a desperate expedient; at any time, the attempts of the natural man to live his cosmic life happily may be renewed, and may succeed. Solitude peopled with ideas might still remain to employ the mind; but it would not be the only beatitude.

Yet, the insecurity of natural society runs deeper, for natural society itself is an expedient and a sort of refuge of despair. It, too, in its inception, seemed a sacrifice and a constraint. The primitive soul hates order and the happiness founded on order. The barbarous soul hates justice and peace. The belly is always rebelling against the members. The belly was once all in all; it was a single cell floating deliciously in a warm liquid; it had no outer organs; it thought it did n't need them. It vegetated in peace;— no noises, no alarms, no lusts, no nonsense. Ah, veritably solitude was blessedness then! But it was a specious solitude and a precarious blessedness, resting on ignorance. The warm liquid might cool, or might dry up; it might breed all sorts of enemies; presently, heaven might crack, and the cell be cleft in two. Happy the hooded microbe that put forth feelers in time, and awoke to its social or unsocial environment! I am not sure that, beneath the love of ideal society, there was not in Saint Bernard a lingering love of primeval peace, of seminal slumber; that he did not yearn for the cell biological, as well as for the cell monastic.

Life, mere living, is a profound ideal, pregnant with the memory of a possible happiness, the happiness of protoplasm; and the advocate of moral society must not reckon without his host. He has a rebellious material in hand; his every atom is instinct with a life of its own which it may reassert, upsetting his calculations and destroying his organic systems. Only the physical failure of solitude drove the spirit at first into society, as the moral failure of society may drive it later into solitude again. If anyone said, then, that happiness lies only in society, his maxim would be no less sincere and solid than Saint Bernard's, but it would not be so profound. For, beneath natural society, in the heart of each of its members, there is always an intense and jealous solitude,— the sleep of elemental life which can never be wholly broken; and, above natural society, there is always another solitude — a placid ethereal wilderness, the heaven of ideas — beckoning the mind.

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[*The Japan Magazine, Tokyo*]

HOKUSAI

BY YAICHIRO ISOBE

At an hotel in Utsunomiya, Hokusai was gazing steadfastly on a picture that his master, Kano Yusen, was making, in compliance with the landlord's request.

The picture represented a little boy who was trying with a long bamboo pole to take a ripe persimmon from a tree, but who was at his wit's end because it was out of his reach.

When the picture was finished, Yusen, in pride, looked about him, as if challenging the applause of the lookers-on. The landlord, needless to say, was struck with admiration at the great beauty of the picture.

'What do you say, Nakashima?' said the painter to Hokusai with a complacent smile.

'In my humble opinion, the pole seems to be a little too long,' answered the lad.

'What! The pole is too long?' cried the master in astonishment.

'Yes, sir, because the child does not stand on tiptoe. If he only stood on tiptoe, the pole would reach the fruit, and no doubt about it,' the young disciple said boldly and frankly.

In an instant the master was crimson with anger. He said: 'You fool! I knew all that, of course, when I drew the pole.'

'Yes, sir, but ——'

'What do you think is the subject of the picture? Don't you know that the boy is a mere child, innocent and ignorant?'

'You are quite right, sir,' said the lad.

'Remember that the most important thing to be observed in painting is to catch the spirit of a picture. I have depicted the boy like this on purpose, taking into consideration the intellectual power of a little child. To stand on tiptoe on such an occasion would be an idea possible only to a man.'

The awkward situation induced the landlord to interfere with:

'You are quite right, sir. Yes, yes, this is a masterpiece of art. How fortunate we are to be favored with such a splendid picture! No, no, it was not from any malicious idea, I believe, that your young disciple ventured such a remark. Let me humbly beg you to forgive him.'

Then turning to Hokusai, the kind landlord advised him to apologize to his master on the spot.

'I hear,' was the single response which the obdurate lad uttered in reply; he only hung his head.

'No, no, my dear landlord,' said the infuriated artist; 'let him alone. It is the height of insolence that such a green hand, unable to understand the painter's idea, should have criticized his master's work.'

Then turning to Hokusai, he said, 'I cannot have you any longer as my disciple. You had better learn painting from the *Ukiyoye* school. That will be a more suitable study for such a man as you. Go back to Yedo at once.'

Having been dismissed by the hot tempered Yusen, Hokusai returned to Yedo and learned European painting under the guidance of Shiba Kokan,

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but soon left the latter and became a disciple of Katsukawa Shunsho, a famous painter of the *Ukiyoye* school. He took this latter step, perhaps, following the sarcastic hint of his former master, Yusen, or rather, more probably out of spite to him; at the same time changing his artist's name into Shuncho. He was still young, and the world was before him. But his critical propensity and his outspoken manner offended his new master as they had done Yusen, and he was once more turned out as a rebel. Then he learned the style of Korin, the famous lacquer artist and painter, and renamed himself Hishikawa Sori.

But he had to pay dearly for his loss of a master, for he was deprived of the means of earning his bread. While he was a disciple of Shunsho, he got some income by producing popular pictures, such as the portraits of the star actors, but now that he posed as a painter after the Korin school, he devoted himself exclusively to the production of drawings in refined taste, which were not so much sought after as genre-pictures. So he was reduced to abject poverty, until at last he became a poor vendor of almanacs prepared by himself. One day, when he was walking along the streets of Kuramae in Asakusa, selling the almanacs in a loud voice, he espied his former master Shunsho and his wife coming toward him. Ashamed of his own miserable appearance, he quickly turned his face aside and tried to pass them in haste, when he was discovered by the woman.

'Oh, you are Mr. Shuncho, are you not? Yes, yes, you are, to be sure,' cried she, in delighted surprise.

Taken aback, Hokusai took to his heels, without casting a single backward glance. His whole body was covered with drops of perspiration. Afterward, when he had occasion to repeat this story, he said that he never had had such an embarrassing experience in his life.

On hastening back to his cottage, quite worn out, Hokusai threw himself down at the desk, and heaving a long sigh, said to himself:

'Ah, I am not born for a painter. I must give up my profession. If I followed some other calling, I should be able to live more comfortably.' He was about to break his pencils in despair, when a voice was heard at the door:

'May I ask you where a painter called Hishikawa Sori lives? I hear that he is living hereabouts,' said a strange voice.

'Sori is my name,' answered the painter, coming to the door. 'Where have you come from?'

'O, is it you? How fortunate that I have found you at home!'

With that, the stranger crossed the threshold with a bow. He looked like the head clerk of a large commercial firm. To all appearance, he was an honest fellow.

'I have come, by my master's order, to ask you for a picture. A new flag is to be made for my master's little son, in celebration of the Boys' Fête, which is to come to him for the first time, so you are requested to draw something on it,' said the man.

'Have you come on purpose for that? But are there not many other painters, who are more noted than I? Why don't you ask some of them?' said the low-spirited painter in a rather blunt tone.

'No. The fact is that the old father of my master, now retired from the world, is very fond of works of art and he saw the other day a picture by you at a certain place; he was quite charmed with it, and insists on getting the flag painted by you, so I have come to ask you the favor,' said the *banto*.

Hokusai's joy may be better imagined than described. He had been in

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the depth of despair, but now to have found that there was a sympathetic soul who could find any merit in his productions! It was bliss, indeed.

Once more he took up his pencil, which he had been about to break. On the flag he drew in vermilion a picture of Shoki, the deity who can exorcize the spirit of pestilence. It was a masterpiece of art indeed, and for his pains he was paid a sum of two *ryo* in gold. Only two *ryo!* the reader may say with a smile. 'T is true, the sum is insignificant with the present value of money, but in those days it was a generous payment for a picture. Especially did it count for much with Hokusai, an obscure painter, who had been constantly struggling with daily want.

Given such unlooked-for encouragement, Hokusai resolved to go on with his profession, and worked with redoubled efforts, and yet poverty still looked him in the face, for his pictures after the style of Korin did not please the multitude. It was, indeed, long before his merit was generally recognized. Meanwhile, he never slackened his enthusiasm in the pursuit of his art. He studied several schools of painting — Japanese, Chinese, and European, and created his own style out of these. Whether in nature or in art, there was scarcely any object he did not represent with his masterly pencil. His pictures of magnificent palaces, shrines, temples, personages in court robes, together with hills, water, flowers, birds, and beasts are all marked by genius and originality. He was also a master of caricatures drawn offhand.

When a series of his productions, entitled Hokusai's Stray Sketches, was published, a European who happened to see them was quite fascinated with them, and soon after his return to his country, reproduced several of the pictures. At the demand of a Dutch captain, he produced two volumes of pictures, in which were represented the whole life of a common Japanese merchant, and of an ordinary woman from childhood to death. These were taken back by the captain to his native land, where they were much admired as novelties, as proved by the constant orders he subsequently received for his pictures from Holland. Hundreds of these drawings were annually exported to the West from Nagasaki, but the exportation was afterwards forbidden by the Tokugawa government, lest the secrets of Japan should become known abroad.

Hokusai distinguished himself in producing gigantic pictures. In 1804, for instance, when the *kaicho* of Kannon's idol was held at Gokokuji temple in Koishikawa, Edo, he drew the bust of Dharma on a sheet of paper which was so large as to cover one hundred and twenty mats, greatly to the astonishment of the spectators. He was also no less skilled in miniature drawing.

Once, after making a huge picture of Hotei, one of the Seven Gods of Luck, at the Ekoin temple in Ryogoku, he drew two sparrows on a single grain of rice. The picture was so small that the spectators could scarcely see it with the naked eye. He was also a master of stunt drawing. He could draw in any manner or position — upside-down or sideways,— and using for a pencil his fingers, an egg, a tea cup, or a bottle. Hearing of Hokusai's wonderful skill, Tokugawa Iyenari, the then Shogun, whose love of pomp and luxury reminds us of that of Louis the Fourteenth of France, on his way back from hawking in the suburbs, one day, stopped at the Demboin temple in Asakusa and ordered Hokusai and Tani Buncho, another great modern painter, to draw in his presence. When Hokusai's turn came, he proceeded before the Shogun with no least sign of

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fear or perplexity. He first made pictures of hills, streams, ponds, flowers, and birds. All present were struck with the uncommon beauty of the drawings.

Lastly, bringing out a long sheet of Chinese paper, he swept its surface with a brush saturated with indigo. Next, he took a frightened hen out of a basket, and holding it tightly, covered its claws with red stamp-ink, and made it run wild over the paper. The effect produced was like the appearance of the crimson leaves of the maple tree scattered over a stream. When the process was over, Hokusai said that was a picture of the Tatsuta river, and respectfully withdrew from the presence of the Shogun. Not only the Shogun but all the others were quite astonished at his boldness as well as his ingenuity. Buncho, who was watching Hokusai draw in such a hazardous way, was almost dead with fear — it is said — lest a miscarriage on the part of the painter should cost him his head.

This honor conferred on Hokusai by the Shogun enhanced his fame still more and his pictures were more eagerly sought after. At the same time, he got a larger number of pupils. For all this, however, his financial condition was never improved; he was always hard up, strange to say.

In those days, Onoye Kikugoro was the star of the stage. He won his renown chiefly by his amazing skill in acting the ghost. Once, the actor invited Hokusai to his house as a guest, to make him draw the pictures of supernatural beings. His object was to improve his skill by Hokusai's imagination, if his drawings of ghosts were to the life, so to speak, but the painter refused to accept his invitation.

Shortly afterward, the actor called upon Hokusai, riding in a palanquin. When he found himself indoors, he was quite disgusted with the untidiness of the house, where there were no arrangements for the reception of visitors. Above all, the mats were so dirty that the actor ran outdoors and ordered a rug that he used in his palanquin to be brought in. When he took his seat and, with a bow, saluted the painter at his desk, the latter, taking offense at his rudeness, turned his face away and would not say a single word in response. The actor left the house in anger. A strange interview! The actor afterward apologized to the painter for his impolite manner. He was readily forgiven and a lifelong friendship came to exist between the two.

Once, when Kikugoro staged one of his favorite plays, Hokusai expressed his intention of seeing the performance. It was in summer. Hokusai sold his only mosquito net for two pieces of silver, and brought the money to the theatre. When the play was over, he folded the money in paper and presented it to the actor as a token of his admiration of the performance. The loss of his mosquito net, however, was a great sacrifice to him, for it cost him many sleepless nights, as the neighborhood he lived in was famous for its mosquitoes, as it is still.

Such a Bohemian he was! On his door was displayed a simple card with the letters: 'Hachiemon the Farmer.' The two notices, 'Don't stand on ceremony,' and 'Don't bring me any present,' were posted, side by side, on the wall of his room.

Katsushika Hokusai was a native of Edo. He was born in Honjo in 1760 A.D. His real name was Tetsuzo Nakashima. When he was a boy, he was known by the name of Hachiemon. His father was a mirror-maker to the Shogun's household. Katsushika Hokusai was his pseudonym. The name 'Hokusai' was taken from the name of a deity of whom he was a devout worshipper. The god still flourishes in

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Yanagishima, Honjo, as in the days of Hokusai.

He died at the age of ninety in April, 1849. When breathing his last, he said with a deep sigh: 'If ten years were added to my life——' After a pause, he continued, 'If five years were added to my life, I could be a true painter.' He was exceptionally fond of changing his residence. During his lifetime, he removed it as often as ninety-three times. In a single day, it is said, he would move three times; so that his address was mentioned as 'unknown' in the directory of artists published in those days.

His third daughter, Katsushika Ei, was a good painter of her father's school. She was once married to a painter, but being divorced, lived afterward with her father, whom she assisted in his profession. Her forte lay in depicting beautiful women, and she is said to have surpassed even her father in this line. She was as active as a man, and ready to help the distressed, though she was poor herself. In her later days she became a nun, and, after her father's death, wandered about the country as a pilgrim. It is not known where her bones are buried.

[*Les Annales*]

PRINCESS MIMI

BY JULES LEMAÎTRE

Translated by Clara B. Winthrop

The Lovers of Princess Mimi

(From the Golden Book of Legends)

. . . . . And so Cinderella married the Prince, and a few months afterwards the king died, and the Prince in his turn became the king. Still later Queen Cinderella gave birth to a little girl who was called the Princess Mimi. The Princess Mimi was as beautiful as the day. Her pink cheeks and fine gold hair, shot by the sun, made her look like a blush rose; and she was very clever. When she was fifteen years old, she was obliged to marry, — for such was the law of the kingdom, — but, as she was a princess, she could marry only a prince. Now at that time, in all the surrounding country, there were only two princes, the prince Polyphemus, who was seven times as big as the Princess Mimi, and the Prince Hop o' my Thumb who was seven times smaller than she. And both loved Mimi passionately, but Mimi loved neither in return: one, because he was too big, the other, because he was too small. Nevertheless, the king, her father, ordered her to choose one of the two princes before a month had passed, and he allowed both princes to court the princess. It was also agreed that the lover who was refused should forgive the other.

Polyphemus arrived with presents of oxen, sheep, huge cheeses, and enormous baskets of fruit, and he was followed by giant warriors wearing cloaks made from the skins of animals.

Hop o' my Thumb brought birds in gilded cages, flowers and jewels,

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and he was followed by jesters and dancers dressed in silk and wearing caps covered with bells.

Then Polyphemus told his story to the Princess. 'Don't believe a word,' he said, 'of what a poet by the name of Homer has related concerning me. To begin with, he declared that I had but one eye, and as you see, I have two. Then, while it is true, that in the past, I did eat men who landed on my island, I did so because they were very small, and I had no more scruple in eating them than you would have in picking the bones of a rabbit or a plover at your father's table. But, one day, a Greek, named Ulysses, made me understand that these little creatures were, nevertheless, men like myself; that, often, they had families, and that I gave them much pain by eating them. From that day to this, I have only fed on the flesh and the milk of my flocks, for I am not cruel by nature, and you must see, Princess Mimi, that big and strong as I am, with you I am as gentle as a new born lamb.'

But, out of vanity, Polyphemus never mentioned that Ulysses had put out his eye while he slept, and that he had only been able to recover his sight by the aid of a wise magician.

And Mimi thought to herself: 'All the same, he would be quite capable of eating me, if he were hungry, while the prince Hop o' my Thumb is so tiny that I could snap him up if I felt like it.'

Then Hop o' my Thumb, in his turn, narrated his history. 'Perfidious sorcerers,' said he, 'tried to make me lose my way in the forest with my six brothers, but I strewed white pebbles behind me to mark my way. Unfortunately, I met the Ogre who carried us to his palace, and put us to sleep in a huge bed. I found out that he meant to kill us the next morning, so I put the six daughters of the Ogre in the bed, in our place, and the Ogre strangled them. Then, I took his seven-league boots, which were of great assistance to me in a war I was waging against a neighboring king, as they enabled me to keep informed of all the enemy's movements, and thus, I became a very powerful prince. But I gave up wearing the boots, because they were very heavy, and also because, as they obliged who ever wore them to go seven leagues at every step, they were not convenient for walks; but I have them in my museum, and I will show them to you, Princess Mimi.'

And, out of vanity, Hop o' my Thumb never told that he was only the son of poor wood choppers, and, like Polyphemus, he mingled both the true and false, because love, self-interest, and sometimes imagination, make us all fib a little, at times.

But the Princess Mimi was amazed at the subtle mind of the Prince Hop o' my Thumb.

One day, Polyphemus, who was reclining in the Princess's boudoir, which he filled completely, said to her in a voice like thunder, and which shook the glass in the windows and made the furniture tremble: 'I have a simple mind, but an honest heart, and I am extremely strong. I tear up rocks and hurl them into the sea. I can fell oxen with a slight blow of my fist, and the lions are afraid of me. Come into my country. There, you will see mountains blue in the morning and pink at night, with great lakes smooth as mirrors, and forests as ancient as the world. I will carry you everywhere you wish to go, and will gather for you, on the mountain tops, such flowers as no other woman has ever worn. My companions and I will be your slaves. Is it not a wonderful destiny to be a tiny goddess served

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by giants, and to be alone the queen — small as you are — of forests and mountains, lakes and torrents?'

The Princess felt some emotion at hearing all this, and she trembled, yet rejoiced at the same time, like a wren, which, held in the hollow of an enormous hand, feels that the hand adores him, and that it is, really, he who holds the huge fowler captive.

But, Hop o' my Thumb, half hidden in a fold of the princess' dress, cried in his shrill, crystal voice: 'Take me! I need so little room, and I am so small that you will have the pleasure of doing what you like with me. I shall know how to love you, and shall tell you so in a hundred different ways, according to whether your mood be sad or gay, brilliant or languid, according to the hour of the day, and the season of the year, and I shall know how to adapt my words and my endearments to the most secret desires of your heart. Besides, I shall have a thousand artifices to divert you, and I shall surround you with everything that the industry of man has invented to add to the pleasures of life. You will see only beautiful things, you will find enjoyment in the most delicate of materials, the most finely carved statues, and the rarest jewels and perfumes. I will tell you stories, and the most witty comedians will act for you. I can sing, play the mandolin, and compose verses. Surely, it is finer to be able to express, harmoniously, things which one has seen and felt, than to stride over torrents; far more difficult to master words, than to tame lions, more excellent to embellish life by charm of intellect, than to exercise the muscles. . . . .'

The Princess Mimi dreamed and smiled, as though lulled by this speech.

One morning, she said to her two suitors: 'Please write some verses.'

Prince Hop o' my Thumb thought for a moment, and then recited these lines, as diminutive as himself:

The world knows me,
A princely crumb,
Yes, I am he,
Hop o' my Thumb.

A body small,
No Hercules,
Nor strong at all,
May oft times please.

The drop of dew
Which humbly decks
A leaf,— the blue
Of heaven reflects.

And harvests whole
Of roses may
Exale their soul
In one short day.

What though my frame
Be frail and slight,
Love, just the same
Can conquer might.

'Charming! exquisite!' said the Princess, and she felt very proud to be beloved by a little man who could link words together so quickly and with such facility.

'Pooh!' said Polyphemus, it can't be very difficult to write such little verses.'

'Try for yourself!' said Hop o' my Thumb.

The giant tried all day long, but could think of nothing at all. At moments, he smote his forehead with his fist, but with no result, and he was both astonished and indignant at being unable to express what he felt so keenly. He remained motionless with his mouth half open, and with a vague look in his eye, until at last, toward evening, he bethought himself that 'love' rhymed with 'dove,' and a few hours later, he sought out the Princess Mimi and said: 'I have it!'

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'Let me hear,' said the princess, and the giant recited as follows:

You are fairer than a dove,
And I assure you that I feel for you much love.

The princess burst out laughing.

'Are not my verses good?' demanded Polyphemus.

Hop o' my Thumb cried triumphantly: 'But, surely, it was not difficult, all you had to say was this:

Your littleness, oh princess blonde:
Fills all my world, and far beyond!

Or else:

A fond and foolish giant I,
Who for a plaything, vainly cry.

Or, again:

Oh, little, little maid I love,
Yours is the victor's dart,
And you who scarcely reach above
My foot, have pierced my heart.

Once more, if you prefer:

I'll tell a secret no one knows,
A mighty oak adores a rose!

'Adorable,' said the princess, but she saw that the giant had a tear as big as an egg in his eye, and he looked so unhappy that she really felt sorry for him. At the same time, it seemed to her that Hop o' my Thumb appeared too well satisfied with his own cleverness, and that this was in bad taste, while Polyphemus' naïvety and meekness quite touched her.

'After all,' she said to herself, 'he could easily crush his rival with a finger flip, or simply put him in his pocket, and even though I myself am much bigger than Hop o' my Thumb, he could take me off under his arm if he wanted to, therefore, he must really be very kind and good since he does none of these things.'

And she said to Polyphemus: 'Don't distress yourself, my friend, your verses are not very good, but your heart is in them, and after all they express the essential point.'

'But,' objected Hop o' my Thumb, 'they are not verses; for the first line has seven syllables and the second has eleven, and besides there is no caesura.'

'Therefore,' retorted the princess, 'they are the verses of a decadent poet — and that will do, Prince Hop o' my Thumb!'

Now, Princess Mimi's palace was surrounded by a vast park through which flowed a wide blue river, and in the middle of the river, on a little island like a bouquet, rose a pavilion made of fine porcelain of different colors, with windows cut from precious stones, joined with silver tracery, and the clever architect had fashioned this pavilion in the form of a great tulip. Here, the princess spent long hours for the pleasure of feeling herself suspended betwixt the two azures of the sky and of the river.

One day, while she was reclining there, half dreaming, with her eyes partly closed, and singing little melancholy songs under her breath, she did not notice that the river was rising all around her. At last, the muttering of the waves aroused her from her half sleep, and she saw that the bridge which led to the island was submerged, and that soon the water would come into the pavilion. Much alarmed, she cried out, while on the bank, the king, her father, Cinderella, and Prince Hop o' my Thumb stood in despair, and all three raised their arms to heaven with one accord. All of a sudden, Polyphemus appeared. He entered the river, which came barely to his waist, and reached the pavilion in three strides, took the Princess Mimi tenderly in his arms, and carried her back to the shore.

'Oh,' thought Mimi, 'what a fine thing it is to be big and strong! And how delightful to feel so protected! With him I should always sleep quietly, and never have any fright or

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anxiety. I think I shall choose the giant,' and she smiled at him, which caused Polyphemus's vast frame to quiver with joy.

The next day, Hop o' my Thumb looked so sad, that, to console him, she proposed that they should take a walk together through the fields. She held his hand, and pretended to be fatigued, in order not to walk too fast, and thus tire out her small companion.

It happened that they met a flock of sheep, and, as Hop o' my Thumb was wearing a cherry colored tunic, the ram, who disliked that particular shade, detached himself from the others, and with lowered horns, made straight for the little prince.

Hop o' my Thumb who was very proud, kept his countenance, although much frightened, but at the instant when the ram was about to reach him, the princess picked up Prince Hop o' my Thumb in her arms, and at the same time, adroitly opened her parasol in the ram's nose, who stopped in surprise and, almost immediately retired.

'He does well to go away,' remarked Hop o' my Thumb. 'I was not afraid of him, and you noticed princess that I was ready for his attack.'

'Yes, little prince, I know how brave you are,' rejoined Mimi, and she thought: Oh how sweet it is to protect those feebler than one's self! Certainly, one must end by loving those to whom one is useful, and, particularly, when they are as clever and as attractive as this little creature.'

The morning following, Hop o' my Thumb offered the princess a little rose, still a bud almost, but, never was there a rose of such a tender color or of so delicate a perfume.

Mimi took the rose saying: 'Thank you, my dear little prince. She was wearing that day a dress with changeable tones that looked as though it were made of the same fabric as the wings of dragon flies. 'Ah!' said Hop o' my Thumb; 'what a lovely dress that is!' 'Is it not?' replied Mimi, 'and just see how well your rose looks with it.'

'One rose,' thought Polyphemus, 'what does that amount to? Wait until I show her what kind of bouquets I can give her.' He rushed off to the Indes, discovered an enormous tree all covered with gorgeous flowers as big as cathedral bells, and, tearing it up by the roots, he brought it triumphantly back to the Princess Mimi.

'It is very beautiful,' said the princess laughing, 'but what can I do with it, dear prince, for I cannot wear it in my dress, nor in my hair?'

The poor giant all abashed did not know what to say, and as he lowered his eyes, he perceived that Prince Hop o' my Thumb was wearing a coat made of the same stuff as the princess' dress.

'Oh!' said he. 'Yes,' answered the Princess, 'I made him that coat from a little piece which was left from my dress. I could not offer it to you, because there would not have been enough of it to make you even a cravat.'

Then, turning to the king she said: 'My father, since the moment has arrived for me to make my decision, it is Prince Hop o' my Thumb whom I take for my husband. Prince Polyphemus must forgive me, I esteem him very much and I am sorry for his disappointment.'

The giant heaved a sigh which shook the palace; then, because he was an honest gentleman, he loyally gave his hand to Prince Hop o' My Thumb, saying simply: 'Make her happy.'

The day of the wedding, Princess

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Mimi was neither sad nor gay, for, although she certainly liked Prince Hop o' my Thumb very much, she was not in love with him.

At the very instant when the bridal party was starting for the church, news was brought that Prince Charming, who had been away for some years, had just returned, and would be present at the ceremony.

Then, Prince Charming appeared.

The princess had never seen him before, and indeed, had never even heard of him, but as soon as he presented himself to her, she became quite pale, then red, and, in spite of herself, she uttered these words: 'Prince Charming, I have been waiting for you. I love you, and I feel in my heart that you love me, but I have given my promise to this poor little man, and I must keep my word.' Whereupon she almost swooned away.

Polyphemus bent over Hop o' my Thumb: 'Little Prince,' he whispered, 'have you the courage to do what I did?'

'But I love her!' said Hop o' my Thumb.

'That is precisely the reason,' replied the good hearted giant.

'Madam,' said Hop o' my Thumb to the Princess Mimi, 'this good giant is right. I love you too much to marry you against your will. None of us forsaw the arrival of Prince Charming, and, therefore, since you love him, marry him.'

Princess Mimi in a burst of joy lifted the little prince off the ground, and kissed him on both cheeks crying: 'Ah! how sweet of you to do this for me!'

Hop o' my Thumb sobbed out: 'This is the most cruel thing of all!'

'Come, poor little Prince,' said Polyphemus, 'you shall unburden all your sorrow to me, and since we both love the princess, we will talk of her every day, and we will watch over her.'

And with these words, he took Hop o' my Thumb on his shoulder, and soon they both disappeared on the horizon.

[*The New Statesman*]

MEDITATIONS ON AN ANCIENT PROPHECY

'Mlle. Wolff, a young girl of good family, is attracting much attention in the Latin quarter of the city,' so the Paris correspondent of the *Sunday Express* tells us. 'She states,' he continues, 'that Christ will be reborn at the end of the year at Montmorency, a suburb of Paris, and he will be martyrised in 1954 behind St. Severin Church.'

We have heard prophecies of the kind before. We have heard them so often that we have come to regard anyone who prophesies the second coming of Christ as the lineal descendant of the boy in Æsop who cried 'Wolf' (and the new prophetess's name encourages us in our scepticism). We know that the thing never happened yet in spite of the groups of the faithful who met and prophesied in some little back room, and we have a vague hope that it never will happen, especially if it involves any of the scenes depicted in the late Mr. Baxter's *Forty Coming Wonders*. What a terror those pictures were to anyone who saw them in childhood! The second coming of Christ might be all very well for anyone who was sure of being saved. But one was never sure. One always had a deep-rooted suspicion that one was a miserable sinner, and that the last days of the world would see one, not among the one hundred and forty-four thousand elect, but a prey to war, famine, pestilence, rivers running with blood, and rocks as big as mountains falling on flying multitudes. Then, there was to

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be a seven-headed beast — an unpleasant blend of lion, leopard and tiger — with a face a little like Napoleon's, but more like Mr. Gladstone's — whose number was to be six hundred and sixty-six, and who was to roam the earth perpetrating deeds more terrible than the dragon's who was slain by St. George. One thought of the end of the world as an orgy, not of harp-players, but of horrors. We knew a child who, in prospect of such things, used to calculate the age at which it would be necessary to be converted, in order to escape the worst effects of the assault of rocks, thunderbolts, wormwood and seven-headed beasts that was to take our planet by storm, say, in the year 1901. He did not aspire, we fear, to immediate goodness. Goodness to him meant perpetual Sunday school and wearing a wooden face. He made up his mind, however, to adapt himself even to this about December, 1900, as a preparation for the coming of the seven-headed tiger. Happy Seventh-Day Adventists, who look forward to the end of the world with pleasure!

At the same time, when one heard as a child of the second coming of Christ, one had no doubt that it was going to be a success. One had a feeling that, if Christ returned to the earth, He would at least be immensely popular. All the kings of Europe were sworn to defend His religion in one form or another. There was not a mayor of one of the smallest towns who did not regularly attend one of His churches on Sunday. His bishops had seats in the House of Lords. His clergy wore tall hats and were respected in the streets. Not to believe in Him, indeed, was to be looked at askance. The house of the doubter was pointed out to one with awe as the house of a man, if not desperately wicked, at least desperately pitiable. 'That's where poor John Thompson, the freethinker, lives.' One did not wonder that his garden was rank with weeds, that the paint was peeling from his walls, that there was an air of damp curses settled on his house and grounds. 'Poor man,' people would say. 'And a kind man, too!' But, all the same, John was doomed. He, certainly, would not be at the reception. All the clergy would be there, and the lawyers, and even the doctors, though they did not go to church, and Mr. Bones the butcher in his mayoral robes of office. If Christ only came to these islands, one felt sure He would have a triumphal procession — except, perhaps, among the Catholics, who would be annoyed on discovering that He was a Protestant, and among the Unitarians, who were merely church-going Voltaires. Everywhere else, however, He would be given the freedom of cities. He would be invited to the homes of leading citizens. He would be more popular than the Prince of Wales. If we did not organize mayoral banquets and 'social meetings' in His honor, it would only be because such things were insufficiently sacred for the occasion. Of one thing we were sure. We would never ignore Him as the Jews did. We would never treat Him as an impostor and crucify Him. That the Jews had not recognized Him at once as the Messiah had always seemed to us as incredible as illiteracy or color-blindness. He felt that we should know His voice, even if He came in rags. And we believed that the first man to offer Him a welcome on landing would be the prime minister.

And now Mlle. Wolff comes along and tells us that, far from recognizing Him and fêting Him, we shall martyrise Him again 'in 1954 behind St. Severin Church.' Thirty years ago it would have been incredible. The longer one lives, however, the more one becomes convinced that the pattern of life is as

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strict as the pattern of a sonnet. The thing that has been is the thing that will be, and to-morrow is only yesterday in a *Daily Mail* hat. Progress, we believe, somehow or other is a fact. Sisyphus, for all his sins, will one day roll his stone, finally, to a fixed place on the top of the mountain, though his rate of absolute progress, at present, is only an inch in a thousand years. Were it greater, we would long ago have outgrown our interest in Adam and Eve, in Achilles and Hector. Thucydides and Plutarch would alike be dead and meaningless to us. We are still near enough them all at the bottom of the hill, however, to feel our cousinship with them. Our nurses, when they take us to have a tooth out, have no higher praise for us than to call us 'a Trojan' or 'a young Stoic,' though they do not know when the Trojans or the Stoics lived. Solomon is still the type of wisdom, Demosthenes of oratory, and Cleon of demagogy. We see our image and our epitaph in the history of Athens, in the history of Rome. 'Whatever the year brings, it brings nothing new.' We may hang, or shoot men instead of crucifying them. We may abandon religious domination for political domination. We may think we are rising on stepping-stones of our dead selves, or our dead creeds, to higher things, but what we are really doing, most of the time, is climbing the old amusing, tragical tread-mill.

Even the war seemed, for a time, to be but a new letter in the alphabet of progress. It was not a war after the old fashion, but a war to end war.

Our newspapers reflect us. They are full of news of dress, and sport, and food, and the gay life. Lord Buckmaster gets less space in a Sunday paper for a wise speech on the most critical question of the hour — a question involving the very existence of justice and mercy in these islands — than an American actress's recipes for spider corn cake, Virginian buns, and Boston baked beans. 'Her Ohio fried chicken,' her interviewer assures us, 'also sounds good to me.' And to us.

But — if Christ were reborn, would He be recrucified? We turn to another page, and find the chief heading, 'Seven Days Nearer to the Great Spring Events.' What great events? Peace with Russia? Peace with Ireland? Peace with Labor? The redemption of the liberal promises made in the early days of the war? No, only the Lincolnshire and the Grand National, as we guess when we read the second and third headings: 'Mystery Doubles for Those Who Like to Try Long Shots' and 'Opposition to Ugly Duckling.' We have, at least, the courage of our frivolity. If Christ came back to earth, that would be the only thing that might save Him. The Jews took Him seriously. They had no sports page to entertain them — no newspapers to distract them with such headings as 'Skull that Broke a Mule's Leg,' 'Husband with "Swelled Head,"' 'Plucky Woman in a Nightdress.' They had time to interest themselves in theology. On the other hand, even we can be serious on occasion. At mention of Bolshevism or Labor or Sinn Fein, we, too, prick up our ears and forget about the opposition to Ugly Duckling. We can be serious in our hostilities, if not in our hopes. Construction may bore us, but destruction is a sure delight. It would still be dangerous for a Messiah to be born among us. It is improbable that we would go on cheerfully with our games as if nothing had happened. We would conceivably do as Mlle. Wolff says we shall do 'in 1954, behind St. Severin Church.' Not that we are criminals, but just that we are ordinary, respectable human beings.

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[*The Saturday Westminster Gazette*]

THE MAGICAL PICTURE

BY ROBERT GRAVES

GLINTING on the roadway,
A broken mirror lay:
Then what did the child say
  Who found it there?
He cried there was a goblin
Looking out as he looked in —
Wild and speckled skin,
  Black, bristling hair!

He brought it to his father,
Who, being a simple sailor,
Swore, 'This is a true wonder,
  Deny it who can!
Plain enough to me, for one,
It's a portrait aptly done
Of Admiral, the great Lord Nelson,
  When a young man.'

The sailor's wife perceiving
Her husband had some pretty thing
At which he was peering,
  Seized it from his hand.
Then tears started and ran free,
'Jack, you have deceived me,
I love you no more,' said she,
  'So understand!'

'But, Mary,' says the sailor,
'This is a famous treasure,
Admiral Nelson's picture
  Taken in youth.'
'Viper and fox,' she cries,
'To trick me with such lies,
Who is the wench with the bold eyes?
  Tell me the full truth!'

Up rides the parish priest
Mounted on a fat beast.
Grief and anger have not ceased
  Between those two;
Little Tom still weeps for fear;
He has seen Hobgoblin near,
Great white teeth and foul leer
  That pierced him through.

Now the old priest lifts his glove,
Bidding all for God's love
To stand and not to move,
  Lest blood be shed.
'O! O!' cries the urchin,
'I saw the devil grin,
He glared out, as I looked in,
  A true death's head!'

Mary weeps, 'Ah, Father,
My Jack loves another!
On some voyage he courted her,
  In a land afar.'
This, with cursing, Jack denies:
'Father, use your own eyes:
It is Lord Nelson, in disguise
  As a young Tar.'

When the priest took the glass,
Fresh marvels came to pass,
'A saint of glory, by the Mass!
  Where got you this?'
He signed them with the good Sign.
Be sure the relic was divine,
He would fix it in a shrine
  For pilgrims to kiss.

There the chapel folk who come
(Honest some, and lewd some)
See the Saint's eyes, and are dumb,
  Kneeling on the flags.
Some see the Doubter Thomas,
And some Nathaniel in the glass,
And others, whom but old Saint Judas
  With his money bags?

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ATLANTIC BOOKS

THE MUTINEERS

A STORY FOR BOYS AND OTHER LOVERS OF ADVENTURE

By Charles Boardman Hawes

QUICK wits and hard blows, dealt in the eternal fight between honest men and knaves, play their constant part in this absorbing tale of adventure. The writer has not forgotten how boys feel and what they like. He brings them a story based on sympathy and understanding and a sound knowledge of the sea and seamen. He writes for boys, whether their age be nine or ninety.

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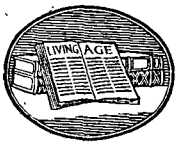

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